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•THE FRONT PAGE•

THE State of New York under the guidance of Governor Hughes, who is, by the way, probably the best executive head that the Empire State has had for at least a generation, is, through the House of Assembly at Albany doing its best to clip the wings of those who would bleed the people by unloading upon them stocks which are practically worthless, or which at least do not possess the intrinsic values set forth in the prospectuses and in the advertisements.

By the provisions of the bill a promoter is put in a fiduciary relation to the corporation which he is engaged in promoting. In other words, he becomes a sort of trustee, and must among other things disclose his interest in the property under promotion, and he must also disclose the amount he is to receive for his services.

Then, again, the bill provides that when stock is offered for sale it must be accompanied by a verified prospectus showing the material facts establishing the value of the corporation or property to which the public are to be asked to subscribe.

In Canada here, where the wild cat promoter has run wild sufficiently long, we have more than a passing interest in such enactments. It is not to be presumed for a moment that laws can ever be framed by which the public will be thoroughly protected against fraudulent methods. So long as there are those who will part with their money readily, there will be knaves who will help them along on the easy path. But at the same time legislation of a proper quality would unquestionably make it much more difficult for promoters of prospects—who now delude the dear public into buying them for mines—to unload these same prospects without telling the purchasers what they are really getting for their money. Like legislation would also make it more difficult to promote phoney oil companies and questionable town site corporations of the sort that are always prepared to sell "city" lots at \$500 per in the "great railway centre" which has no being except in the minds of the promoters, and is sufficiently far removed from the opportunity of a personal inspection.

Under New York's new legislation it will also be necessary for the promoter to have some financial as well as moral responsibility. On this point Canada has been sadly deficient. Any glib-tongued rascal who happens our way can under our present laws promote the most unsound and fanciful proposition imaginable, and still it is but rarely that he runs foul of the prosecuting attorney. Not that Crown Attorney Corley, here in Toronto, would not take him in hand if he could, and that right smartly, but the laws as they stand so tie the hands of the Crown Attorney that he must necessarily let ten rascals go their way, defrauding the people as they will, to one who is brought up short, via the courts.

It is stated that the measure now being put through the New York Legislature is based on the law of Great Britain by which Whittaker Wright was condemned, who upon being found guilty took his own life in the court room. It is safe to say that if Whittaker Wright had done his promoting in Canada in place of Great Britain, he would still be at large, sound in wind and limb; for what he did (selling stock on false statements) is not one degree worse than has been done by dozens of promoters in all sections of Canada for years back, and many of these "distinguished" citizens are not only at large but are members of our clubs, ride in their automobiles and occupy or have occupied positions of trust and responsibility in our Governmental bodies.

For upward of a year George H. Munroe graced Toronto with his questionable propositions. The "man on the Street" knew to moral certainty that these corporations were unsound and that Munroe was a danger to the community. But nothing was done, chiefly for the reason that our laws were not so framed that the public could expect protection or obtain it.

Men whose antecedents are at least questionable, and one among them at least an ex-jail bird, launched in Toronto their "oil" companies. No one with a grain of business sense would have bought into their phoney ventures, but they succeeded, nevertheless, in selling their stock to kitchen maids, seamstresses and working men, until this journal opened up the facts and put on the lime-light, and then these "oily" gentlemen decamped, and Toronto knows them no more.

However, these are but few of the many. It would take many columns of type to enumerate the questionable mining enterprises that have been put on the market, and it would take columns more to enumerate those which had at the time of organization a suspicion of value, but which were put on the market at many times their real value, to be gobbed up by a gullible public. Let us go back a bit and make brief mention of a few of the many. There was Red Rock, put on the market at \$1, advanced to \$1.50, and now insolvent; Green-Meehan was put on at \$1.60, advanced to \$1.80, and is now selling at 7c.; Silver Queen was put on at \$1.25, advanced to \$3, and is now selling at 20c.; Nancy Helen was put on the market at \$1, and now selling at a few cents a share; Foster, advanced from 80c. to \$4, and is now selling around 25c. a share; Canada Mines was put on the market at \$1, and is now a defunct proposition; Abitibi and Cobalt sold as high as 56c. a share, and is now out of business; Cobalt Lake was put on the market at 85c., and is now selling around 25c.; Otisse was put on the market at 35c., advanced to 60c., and is now selling around 8c.

But why continue! They and many more are numbered among the tragedies of a mining camp. Most of these were prospects and were sold to the unfortunate stockholders as mines, and there is where the law should step in. If men and women desire to gamble, let them gamble with their eyes open. But under our present enactment the cards are marked, and the decks are stacked, and the public has no chance.

Our mines are good; the best in the world. But our methods, owing largely to laxity in our laws, are probably the worst in the world. Ontario numbers her fake mining promotions by the hundreds. There have been a hundred wild cats for every real mine in Cobalt, and millions have been lost thereby. There is just one man in prison as the result of all this barefaced rascality. A fine record that. The lawmakers of Ontario should gather the statistics and paste them in their hats.

[N last week's issue, I drew attention to Hon. William Pugsley's enthusiastic advocacy of the proposition to hand over to a United States syndicate a vast water power on the St. Lawrence river. Since then, I had occasion to make a few inquiries into the canal project to connect Montreal and New York, which the Hon. Williams is also supporting. The proposal is to build a canal fourteen feet deep. That is the same depth as the Upper St. Lawrence canal from Montreal, just below Victoria Bridge, to the Richelieu at St. Johns. From there the river will be deepened where necessary to Lake Champlain. The State of New York will see that a deeper waterway is provided to the deep water of the Hudson at Albany. At the present time, all the freight carried by the inland shipping companies from the west is either rail-hauled from Buffalo or other lake ports to New York or brought

legislators that ever sat in a representative body. The cry is also raised whenever there is an important bye-election and one of the party candidates happens to be a lawyer. As with other problems the answer depends on how the situation works out in any given case. Since every man who is not a bankrupt or a traitor or a criminal or an unnaturalized foreigner may sit in the House of Commons, if his friends have \$200 to deposit and the votes to elect him, it is difficult to see how the lawyer who is industrious and a good speaker is to be kept out. The country is not yet prepared to adopt the constitution of the Knights of Labor which recognizes only two classes as ineligible, lawyers and liquor sellers. If Toronto did not boast two lawyers in her representation at Ottawa she would have been able to put up a very sorry fight indeed against recent attempts to seize control of her streets. In

rat in a corner." Such episodes have no moral except the very simple one that no man white or black should in this enlightened age be permitted to carry deadly weapons. So long as the human breast carries buried within it vile passions and prejudices these will occasionally flame forth into the lust for blood, and if the would-be homicide has a weapon handy, it will be used.

ONLY one or two of the daily newspaper correspondents mentioned the reason why Hon. W. S. Fielding modified his "stand pat" attitude in the tariff negotiations with President Taft. Undoubtedly the feeling of several ministers was against any concessions to the United States whatever, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself was probably one of these. The pressure on the Government to adopt a conciliatory attitude is said by one or two correspondents to have come from the large banking interests and this statement is, in all probability, correct. The mere disturbance of trade involved would alone be sufficient to make the banks desire a peaceful solution of the difficulty; but a number of the larger institutions have even stronger reasons for dreading the imposition of the maximum tariff by the United States. The interest most affected by such action would be the lumber industry. Few persons are aware to what extent the great lumber interests of the country are carried by the banks. Certain of them are interested to the extent of millions and a curtailment of the market for timber would mean a temporary shrinkage in values of limits and plants held as collateral genuinely alarming. It is to be doubted, however, whether the banks would not have been well advised to have made arrangements to carry the lumbermen over any crisis that might arise. The Northern States cannot do without Canadian forests, and had the maximum duty been imposed it would have meant a reaction within a year which would have placed Canadian lumber on the free list so soon as Congress could pass the enactment. This is the consummation that Canadian lumbermen devoutly wish and which Canadian conservationists with reason fear.

WITH the clatter of horses' hoofs and the wild clang of bells, a number of fire-reels thundered along Adelaide street the other day, past SATURDAY NIGHT office. I watched them as they swung laboriously along, the horses bobbing up and down in their heavy canter, making a great deal of noise, raising a tremendous lot of dust, but not making such wonderful headway after all. And it occurred to me that it would be a very great improvement if the authorities were to substitute automobiles for the trucks in present use.

From almost every point of view, motors would be an improvement on horses. They are faster and stronger and more dependable. They don't shy or become restive, they don't eat their heads off in the stall when there is nothing doing, they can tear up hill about as fast as they can go along the level, there is no trouble hitching them up to answer a call, or unhitching them and taking them out of the way when the machines go into action. On the whole they are easier to handle, more efficient, and certainly cost no more for upkeep—probably much less. There is therefore every reason for installing them in the place of horses, except of course, the very large initial cost. But the gain in efficiency should more than warrant such an expenditure, and it seems to me that the citizens of Toronto should be given the very newest and best methods of fire protection. It is true that the disappearance of the fire-horse will remove one more of the picturesque features that still remain to city life. But then the same plea of picturesque interest can be made for a burning house, though no one except Nero has been known to advance it. And it would be some consolation to remember that even if the fire-horse was good to look at and afforded much pleasure to vagrant small boys, his disappearance will be another step forward in the handing of fires.

A PORTION of the French-Canadian press is at present discussing the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the Quebec Legislature, where the Opposition, composed of Conservatives and Nationalists, is in a hopeless minority, and where corporation interests are said to exercise too strong an influence for the general good. In this connection, blame is laid on the English-speaking minority in the province for not taking a greater interest in public affairs, and the suggestion has been made that there should be more English-speaking members at Quebec. This is a very far-fetched excuse. There are not half a dozen constituencies in the entire province in which English-speaking voters are in control. It is true there are a few more members of the minority in the Legislature, but they are there largely on sufferance. One of the number is a Cabinet Minister, but the rest do not make enough noise to excite a prayer meeting. The reason is plain enough. Once the English-speaking element became too assertive, they would defeat their own purposes. The province is French, and the greatness of its future is a matter for the French Canadians to determine. They must work out their own political salvation. If the Legislature is the tool of corporations, if political purity is not all it should be, if public men do not take as high a view of their obligations as they should, the blame must be laid at the door of the predominant race. To blame the English-speaking minority is as unreasonable as to blame the French-Canadians in Ontario for any faults that may be laid at the door of the Legislature in this province. The English-speaking race, the world over, has always stood for free and upright government, and our compatriots in the neighboring province are no exception to the rule. But to ask them to lead the way to reforms is to run the risk of raising the race cry.

The French-Canadians have many capable and honorable leaders. Let them head the crusades for reform, and they won't lack support from the minority.

THE Brigadier-General at Woolwich, England, has issued a notice calling the attention of the troops to the inconvenience caused to other members of the congregation by the incessant and noisy coughing during the parade services. He hopes that if men find it imperative to cough they will do so as quietly as possible. This polite hint will no doubt be enforced by military author-

THE FIRM OF PATRIARCHE & CO., WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY DO . . .

PHILIP HAROLD PATRIARCHE, Promoter, Stock Broker, Bucket Shop Keeper, residence and office in Toronto and office in Buffalo, states in one of his recent large display advertisements that nothing succeeds like success. Possibly. If a man cares not as to his sources of success; if in his inner consciousness he questions not the methods by which this success is attained, and if to attain this success he is willing to sacrifice through questionable methods the funds that other men have accumulated through long years of work, and this apparently has been Philip H. Patriarche's methods from the beginning, then is it not time for the heavy hand of the law to drag this man before the Courts and ascertain if it is still within his province to take, as he continues to do, the dollars of the unwary.

P. H. Patriarche, of Patriarche & Co., has a long record for so young a man, and Toronto Saturday Night, on pages six and eleven of this issue, has attempted to sketch briefly this record so that all who run may read and so take warning.

The bold effrontery, not to speak of the gross deception, now being perpetrated through the advertisements of Patriarche & Co., are worthy of more than passing comment. This man is trading in Toronto as a reputable Stock Broker. His firm poses as the owner of a palatial building, and this self-same building is paraded in big advertisements as an evidence of the firm's financial standing. Patriarche himself is advertised as a "successful" market operator and a man of substance and integrity. The great advertisements of the firm flood the city press, and SATURDAY NIGHT is asked for information.

What do we find? The record of Philip Harold Patriarche is a record of failure. A dozen or more judgments for unpaid debts, amounting to many thousands of dollars, stand against him in the courts.

The advertisements which have for weeks been flaunting the public in the face involve a scheme that sent Get-rich-quick Miller and Franklyn, of the Franklyn Syndicate, to prison for a term of years in New York State.

SATURDAY NIGHT has dug deep into the past and present record of Philip Harold Patriarche, and has good reason to here publicly brand the man as a bucket-shop operator and get-rich-quick grafter.

SEE PAGES SIX AND ELEVEN.



to Montreal for shipment. A fourteen-foot waterway clear to New York would mean that large cargoes which now stop at Montreal would go on to New York, where they would probably get more advantageous steamship rates. While the canal would no doubt benefit a few interests, it would inflict a heavy blow on the prestige of the St. Lawrence channel, for the improvement of which the Canadian Government has spent many millions. No influential Canadian body is behind the scheme, which the Minister of Public Works has endorsed, and his attitude on this question is just as mysterious as it is on the Long Sault power scheme, unless Hon. Mr. Emerson's declaration that a two million dollar fund had been raised in the United States to influence Canadian legislation may afford a clue. In his own interest, Mr. Pugsley should lose no time in setting himself right before the electors of the Dominion on these two matters, for just at present he is in very bad odor.

IN the United States the press is discussing a question which often arises on this side of the imaginary line. One journal phrases it, "Are Our Legislatures Over Lawyered?—A Problem for the Public." It is held that the multiplicity of laws good, bad and indifferent, but chiefly indifferent, is due to the presence of so many men of legal training, with the sentiments and interests of their class, in the representative assemblies of the country. It is an argument that is frequently heard in assemblies of the Dominion Grange, and it was one of the grievances of the now defunct organizations of cross-roads kickers, which was known as the Patrons of Industry. Sixteen years ago twenty-two members were elected to the Ontario Legislature on this cry, and with one or two shining exceptions they were about the most useless group of

the Legislature the annual attempt on this city's municipal autonomy might have succeeded on two or three occasions had the city not possessed a lawyer representative or two to spy out the nigger in a harmless looking legislative fence. These are instances when the average man would declare emphatically that our Parliamentary bodies are not overlawyered. On the other hand, when he sees a band of blockers using every resource to prevent the detection of wrong-doing by public officials he is equally emphatic in taking the opposite view. As has been said it all depends on how the thing works out.

THOSE who read the despatches telling of how a sick South Carolina man shot a negro Pullman car porter in Delaware and realized too late that he was north of the Mason and Dixon line, must have been struck with the similarity between his case and that of the negro murderer, Withers, who for two hours held up the police in a Toronto house and then, when he had exhausted all his ammunition, used his final bullet on himself. Bethea, the South Carolina man, after he had killed the "black hound," as he termed him, found that to save himself from detention, he must shoot the white conductor, and then to die uncaught riddle a few other people with bullets. And in the final showing the difference between himself and Withers would be difficult to define, if it were not that one was black and the other was white. Bethea nourished the idea that it was all right to kill a black man if he gave offence imaginary or otherwise. Withers had the negro bad man's theory that if his girl displeased him a razor or a gun was the proper corrective. The fight against capture which each put up would be regarded as heroism had either been a soldier caught in a tight place in time of war. In time of peace we describe it as "fighting like a

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The French-Canadians have many capable and honorable leaders. Let them head the crusades for reform, and they won't lack support from the minority.

ity. Some order of the same kind is badly needed in Canadian churches. During the past few months, services have frequently resolved themselves into coughing bees. Some worshipper who has a real throat affection gives a suppressed cough and immediately, to quote a fox-hunting phrase, the rest of the pack is in full cry. The poor preacher struggles through his sermon to an accompaniment of coughs, barks and sneezes which is enough to drive him and the silent portion of his congregation to despair. Many people who are absolutely free from colds are among the worst offenders. Some of the trouble is no doubt due to the tension of sitting perfectly still for an hour. Part may be explained by mental suggestion, but the great underlying cause is that mollusc-like attribute of humanity of following where others lead without conscious volition. Let one person yell "Fire" in a crowded room and a hundred throats will re-echo the cry. Let one man stand in the street and look upward, and ninety-nine out of every hundred who come along will follow suit.

But why is it that the coughing epidemic which attacks churches so virulently is very rarely in evidence in theatres?

HE suppression of Important News" is the theme of a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, who views with alarm the economic developments in connection with newspaper publishing. He points out that the expense of producing a daily newspaper is such that large capital is required and to pay dividends on this capital the journal must be run as a business institution. In other words the voice of the business manager is paramount. This being the case he declares that the large advertiser is able to dictate to the editor as to what news shall appear in its columns. The article goes on to mention concrete instances, with a jocular allusion to the fact that, judging by the columns of the daily press, accidents or labor troubles never occur in departmental stores. Some of the instances, he quotes, hardly justify the belief that the situation is alarming. For instance, he says that the head of a Philadelphia departmental store committed suicide in New York under disgraceful circumstances and no newspaper in his home city mentioned these circumstances. The average man who likes a clean paper to take to his home will be disposed to think that whatever the motive, the newspaper editors were rightly guided in suppressing the story. Again, he condemns the course of a great many newspapers during the last financial panic in the United States in suppressing or minimizing business failures and shut-downs. There are those who will think that the press at that time did a good work in preaching optimism in the face of disaster. The charges that politicians have succeeded in inducing their own organs to suppress damaging facts are unquestionably true and will hold good so long as party organs exist. One story of his one begs leave to doubt. He says that in a large city the employers employed a "strong arm man" to beat the business agent of the elevator-man's union to death. "The story," says the writer, "supported by affidavits, was given by a responsible lawyer to three newspaper men, each of whom accepted it as true and promised to print it. The account never appeared." It is hard to believe that the city editor exists who would not find means of giving publicity to so astounding a murder story if he believed it to be true. Probably the editors knew the "responsible lawyer." On the whole it may be said that precisely because they are business enterprises the newspapers are obliged to publish the news. The public has more reason to fear the poverty stricken sheet without capital which must be venal to live. It is true that the local dailies dealt very lightly with the recent departure of Mr. George Munroe from our midst, but having taken his money in the past they could hardly have justified themselves in suddenly discovering what a dangerous man he was after his departure. The remedy this writer suggests—an "endowed" newspaper—it has been tried right here in Toronto. The "endowment" was eaten up in short order and now it is just a common newspaper subject to the frailties of all human institutions.

SATURDAY NIGHT has of late devoted some attention to the criticisms on our newspapers made in England by Major A. C. Morrison-Bell, M.P., and frankly SATURDAY NIGHT didn't know who he was. A mutual friend of this journal and of the Major has supplied the information. As Captain A. C. Bell he came to Canada in the nineties as A.D.C. to General Hutton and went to South Africa with the first contingent on the outbreak of the Boer war in 1899. He later spent some years here as A.D.C. to the Earl of Minto. In South Africa he had command of the Maxim guns attached to the first contingent and proved himself a finished soldier with rare qualifications as a musketry expert. Brigadier-General Otter and others who went to South Africa regarded him as one of the very best officers who went from Canada. He preserved beautiful discipline without any fuss, and was particularly good at stimulating the natural ingenuity and resourcefulness of his men. In action he showed, it is said, a cool indifferent courage and much skill, says SATURDAY NIGHT's informant. He is still remembered at D.R.A. matches, having presented for competition by Canadians a valuable prize, "The Transvaal Cup." While these facts do not add value to his utterances as a newspaper critic, they show that he did not share the prejudice of his former chief, Major-General Hutton, whose unfair and nagging attitude toward Canadian soldiers in South Africa met with the just censure of Lord Roberts. His record, which is an admirable one, goes some way toward explaining what the average Canadian who reads the British newspapers (and the vast majority of prominent Canadian newspapermen are included in this class) regards as unfounded and futile criticisms of the press of the Dominion. Major Morrison-Bell is a military Imperialist, and as such is inclined to regard the events of the world, and especially of the Motherland, not as a whole, but from a fixed standpoint. That the news despatches of the day do not preach Imperialism in and out of season is true. It is the business of the telegraph editor to present the panorama of the world's events, not to conduct a propaganda.

THE retirement of Dr. Charles Sheard from the post of Medical Health Officer of the city of Toronto is to be genuinely regretted. He was one of those officials who had built up the reputation this city enjoys all over the continent as a cleanly administered municipality. A man of large independent wealth, his work in his limited field was as much a labor of love with him as that of Gifford Pinchot in the Forestry Department of the United States Government. There is a further similarity between the men inasmuch as both were hard-headed autocrats in office. The alderman who tried to nag or thwart Dr. Sheard in his policies invariably came out second best and usually learned something of the possibilities of the English language in the way of expression; for the doctor had a vocabulary that was famous, and was never at a



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

A new photograph of Hon. Carlos Mendoza, who has succeeded to the Presidency of the Republic of Panama, through the recent death of Obaldia. Mendoza has been one of the older statesmen of Panama ever since the birth of the Republic.

loss for adjectives to give emphasis to his conclusions. European training and wide reputation were his when he took up his work seventeen years ago, and his appointment as the head of a department that had run to seed, was a coup that helped to build up the fine record of R. J. Fleming as Mayor of Toronto. Dr. Sheard's handling of the public health was vigilant and efficient. It was not his fault that the city's water supply became tainted this past winter, but it was his vigilance that prevented typhoid from becoming epidemic. Dr. Sheard also filled the post of Chairman of the Board of Health for the province of Ontario, and it is to be hoped that he will continue in this position. It will enable him to keep a judicial eye on the administration of his successor in office.

The Colonel

Jews and French in Montreal.

Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir.—After several weeks in the South, I have been trying to catch up with Canadian news, and on going over the papers saved up for me, I find an article in your issue of February 19th which interests me particularly. It is your account upon the case of a Hebrew who took legal action against a French-Canadian landlord who refused to rent him a vacant house, and Judge Clapp's decision in favor of the Jew. Your article speaks of "the smoldering antagonism between the French-Canadians and the Jews in Montreal." I have lived here forty years, yet never knew of the existence of such antagonism, and on questioning other old Montrealers, find they are equally uninformed of such conditions.

It might be well for you to know certain aspects of the case. The people of St. Louis de France parish have found, during some years past, that an undesirable class of Jews (there may be an undesirable class of any race) was invading their neighborhood, and the property owners found that house values, increasing in all other parts of the city, owing to rapid growth, were increasing at an alarming rate. The people of the parish, on their way to church, would pass houses which were workshops in full blast, from the open windows the buzz of many sewing machines turning out their "sweat shop" garments. I think if the good Editor witnessed such conditions on his way to his own Sunday devotions, he would be profoundly shocked, and would immediately rush to the Board of Control for help.

This same class, invading any respectable district in any city would cause the residents to rise up in arms, without the aid of any "smoldering antagonism." In view of the facts of the case, your reference to the Spanish Inquisition is utterly rot. But the "piece de resistance" of your article is this: "The incident is worth repeating here because of the light it throws on how slowly religious intolerance dies." Coming from Toronto, this is huge. Careful with your stones, Mr. Saturday Night, you live in a glass house!

Very truly yours,

W. M. SAWYER.

P.S.—Of course I do not expect your readers to be "put right" in the matter. That would be too ridiculous a yielding to broad mindedness for any part of the Toronto press to be guilty of.

Note.—The writer of the above, Mr. Sawyer, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing personally is wrong



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CAIRO, GREATEST CITY OF AFRICA, NORTHWEST FROM SALADIN'S CITADEL, TO NILE, EGYPT.
We are at the southeast side of the city, facing northwest towards Alexandria, 130 miles away. For two miles Cairo stretches out before us. The masonry on which we stand is part of the citadel built by Saladin in 1176 A.D. On the parapet below at the right are its obsolete batteries. The lindar park with its rows of trees is the Place Rumeliah, where pilgrims returning from Mecca march in procession. The prominent building before us is the superb Mosque of Sultan Hassan, the finest example of Saracenic architecture in Cairo. It was built in 1356-1359, and the Sultan was so delighted with it that he cut off the right hand of the architect so that he might never design another to be its rival. The massive walls, 113 feet in height, are built of stone, taken from the Pyramids. The minaret at the left is the tallest in Cairo, 270 feet high. The heavy, flat-topped building at the right is the Mosque of the Rifaiyah, an order of dervishes. The dome of the Sultan Hassan mosque is the largest in the world. The white facade of the Savoy, one of several magnificent European hotels. Between the dome and that shorter minaret is the National Museum of Egypt. The Nile flows just behind it. Beyond the Museum you see the dark line of palms that fringe the farther shore of the river. The low gray line beyond the palms is the cliff, forming the western wall of the Nile Valley, and beyond that lies the vast expanse of the Sahara.

when he imagines that because Saturday Night is printed in Toronto that it is not sufficiently broad-minded to print his letter, just because it does not happen to agree with the ideas of the editor. First of all, allow me to inform Mr. Sawyer that the writer of that article was better informed on the subject of the antagonism between the French-Canadian and the Jew than the critic imagines. For Mr. Sawyer's benefit I might state that what was written I know to be true from my own observation; that within two years raids were made on the Jews in St. Lawrence Ward, Montreal, by French-Canadian rowdies, and this statement Mr. Sawyer may verify by communicating with any well-informed newspaper reporter in the city or by applying to Montreal's detective department. As for living in a glass house, meaning I presume Toronto "the good," well, all I can say is that I have personally thrown a few good sized boulders through that same glass house, and am prepared to do it again whenever the occasion requires.

THE EDITOR.

The Abuse of Modesty.

PERHAPS no virtue is so much abused and misunderstood as this of modesty. This view, as stated by Schopenhauer, is supported by Hazlitt in several of that critic's essays. "Modesty," he affirms, "is the lowest of the virtues, and is a real confession of the deficiency which it indicates. He who undervalues himself is justly undervalued by others." And once again: "No man is truly himself but in the idea which others entertain of him. The mind as well as the eye 'sees not itself but by reflection from some other thing.'" It may be necessary, and it is certainly interesting, to note that Hazlitt, who has much in common with Schopenhauer, was, despite his intellectual arrogance and haughty temper, always said to be painfully bashful and awkward among strangers, and no doubt with his literary temperament he utilized his own experience, his own diffidence and ultra-sensitive timidity, in writing his thought, which was thus at variance with the true character of the man. This mixture of arrogance and modesty distinctly marks all the writings of Hazlitt, and the very exaggeration of the arrogance is, one surmises, a reaction from an extreme modesty, and possibly from the unjust opinion which others in general entertained of him. Perhaps the same remarks apply in some degree to Schopenhauer. This apparent arrogance, no doubt, and indeed one feels, arose from an extreme self-consciousness and a realization of the evil consequences of too much modesty before the public. Emerson, too, is another philosopher who, as a young man, appears to have discovered that modesty is not an unmixed blessing to its possessor. Thus, in one of his recently-published journals, there is a complaint, as a young man, of "a signal defect of address or character which neutralized the just influence his talents ought to have had, and which contrived to make him second with all those among whom chiefly he wished to be first." There is little doubt that modesty is preached to the wrong people, and that persons of superior ability have in general too much, and persons of none at all too little. Instead of being appreciated as a virtue and a beauty of character, it is regarded as "a real confession of the deficiency it indicates." —T. P.'s Weekly.

Lady on the Death Watch.

"WATCH Mr. _____," said the city editor of a Toronto daily not long ago, to the young woman reporter detailed to look after church offices, obituaries, etc. "He's not likely to recover. Have a good story of his life written up. He was one of our prominent citizens fifty years ago."

A week later, just as the paper was going to press, she came in breathlessly with the news of the old gentleman's death. Other matter was thrown out to make room for the prepared article concerning the late lamented citizen, prefaced by a few lines telling the hour of his death. Later, when the rush of getting the paper out was over and the city editor discovered that the rival publications had no mention of the death, he complimented the young lady on her "scoop" and asked how she got it.

"Well, you see," she explained, apparently without the slightest idea that she had committed an ethical transgression. "I've been watching that case for a week. I called at the house to-day just after lunch and a young man, it was Mr. _____'s son, told me his father was very low; in fact they expected his death any minute; so I said if he didn't mind I'd just step in and wait."

WALL PAPER

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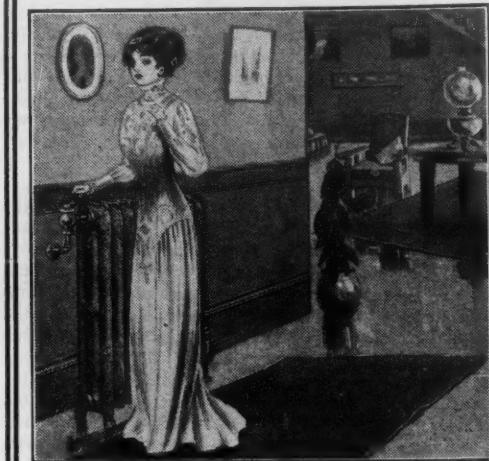
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THE severe break in "Granby" during the past week was productive of many reminiscences on the "street."

The probabilities are that the number of Canadians affected by the break in the stock was not very large, inasmuch as it is now some years since "Granby" was held to any considerable extent here. A few fairly large blocks, it is said, have been retained by those who purchased stock in the company in its early days; but for the most part the smaller holders sold out either at the time of the consolidation, or at the time control of the property went over to the United States. Nevertheless, a few people on the "street" have had the unpleasant experience of being "called" on Granby stock for considerably more than half its value. One unfortunate individual who purchased at 100 and carried the stock to much higher figures was asked to take it up completely when the price ran below 45 the other day.

It is not surprising that the "street" displayed considerable interest in the break in Granby, notwithstanding the fact that the stock has

A Beacon. Light. Granby Consolidated Mining, Smelting & Power Company, although organized originally, perhaps, by an American, was essentially the child of Canadian money, and largely the child of Canadian brains. It was one of the beacon lights of the now famous, if somewhat regrettable, Rossland mining boom. Before Granby Consolidated, was Knob Hill and Old Ironsides. These two were the basis upon which Jay P. Greaves, of Spokane, based a deal, which, from small beginnings, gradually expanded until millions of capital were involved. The genial A. L. White, whose offices, for a considerable period, were in the Canada Life Building, came east as the financial representative of the concern. As, one after another, the mining ventures of British Columbia evaporated, White's office began to be looked upon by the trusting public as almost the only cyclone-proof institution of the lot.

S. H. C. Miner's Grit and Money.—S. H. C. Miner was the man whose grit and money or credit made Granby. He was at that time both younger in years and experience than he now is—otherwise Granby might never have been made—at least by him. It is neither

here or there how he came to put his money into a British Columbia mining speculation, or whether Greaves or White was the individual who provided the persuasion. Suffice it to say that Miner was in at the birth, and that he was the man who provided the wherewithal to make of Granby the most successful mining proposition in British Columbia.

As already intimated, the big consolidation began with a mine or prospect known as Knob Hill and another one known as Old Ironsides. They were, and are, located at Phoenix, B. C. As work progressed, it became evident that failure would be the outcome unless smelting facilities could be provided close at hand. The result was the organization of the Granby Smelter Company. The smelter was erected on the Kettle River, at Grand Forks, some considerable distance from Phoenix. Later were taken in a number of other companies, representing a considerable territory of ground in which copper existed, or was supposed to exist, in paying quantities. In the end, the proposition became a formidable one, and had it not been for Mr. Miner's large financial resources would probably never have succeeded.

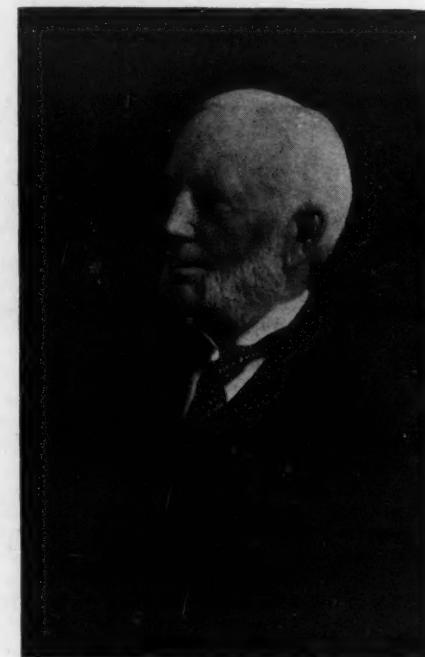
A great deal of high-grade copper ore was being shown in Montreal, those times, as coming from Melting the Mountain. The ore coming from the properties forming the Granby group was of low quality. Evidently the virtues of this high-grade ore had been expounded upon to the detriment of the Old Ironsides and Knob Hill, for Mr. Miner was wont to remark somewhat testily that those high-grade propositions would be dead and buried long before his low-grade proposition had reached its zenith. In support of his contentions, he would refer to the experience of well-known copper mines, such as Rio Tinto, and the results certainly confirmed his contentions. The advantages of Miner's low-grade proposition was that mining became quarrying. The values were disseminated in such a manner that picking and grading were abandoned, and it was decided that the old mountain should be removed and shoved into the smelter. The steam shovels simply scoop it up in sections, and in the subsequent operations the mineral is saved and the residue finds its way back to the dump. Had it not been for certain self-fluxing qualities attending the scientific mixing of the ores, the ultimate outcome would have been problematical. As it was, one difficulty after another was surmounted, but not until Mr. Miner had personally backed the proposition, it is said, to upwards of \$1,000,000. Then came the consolidation of various properties into the Granby Consolidated Mining, Smelting & Power Company, with a capitalization of \$15,000,000, of which \$13,363,030 was paid up. Mr. Miner was president and Jay P. Greaves, vice-president and general manager.

The first dividend was paid December 16, 1903, and consisted of one per cent. At the following annual meeting, for the year ending June 30, 1904, Mr. Miner resigned the presidency, having been identified with the property for seven years. He still remained one of the

largest shareholders at that time. The fact is, Jim Hill and his Great Northern Railway interests had obtained control, Hill's object being to make the mine serve as a source of supply of freight for his railway.

The par value of the Consolidate Company's shares was originally \$5. The mines have had many ups and downs during their 20 odd years of operation, and the stock of the Consolidation has experienced many fluctuations, as dividends were declared and became doubtful or were passed altogether. During 1904, the stock sold down to 25 per cent. of its par value. In 1907, the shares having been converted into \$100 shares, the price reached 151, being the record point. Recently the shares remaining in the Treasury were underwritten at 85, and the stock this week broke to 37.

K.C.A.



S. H. C. Miner, father of Granby Consolidated.

All things are matters of comparison, and the experienced look upon a standard security yielding four or five per cent. on its price and on a mining stock paying twelve per cent. and they choose the larger disbursement. Now the generality of our banks, our railroads and our industrial concerns pay their dividends and are stronger as the years go by. The disbursement of a mining company is a division of capital. This is so patent, so obvious, that the statement seems almost superfluous. Yet the press of Canada so far from keeping this all important fundamental before the people encourage the idea that

mines pay dividends. If a company owned a large quantity of real estate which it sold, the public would easily realize that each payment meant so much nearer the end. A mine is a portion of land in which occur deposits or a deposit of mineral. The purchaser of the same estimates the value of the ore in sight and prospective and pays accordingly. If he is a good miner he keeps his development so far ahead of his mining as to have always the price he paid for the mine in sight. In a stocked proposition this is equivalent to a sinking fund. But all must recognize that the more you take out of the ground the less there is in it. It is quite obvious that several of the Cobalt mines have less in them than when they were first discovered. So, unless new discoveries are made a mining stock should depreciate in price the amount of each dividend. The local custom is to boost the stock on the payment of each disbursement.

This is all wrong, but the greater evil is manipulation. The vast majority of people buy a mining stock because they think it is going up, and promise manipulation you get more followers than you will on prospects of real values. The ways of manipulating are many, but in any case you must get out some story that will cause the foolish holders of stock to keep their holding from the markets during the upward movement. This is done generally by promising a price away above that which the manipulators intend to drive it. I was in St. John, New Brunswick, last summer, and walked into a broker's office to see quotations and there got talking to one of the heads of the firm, and when he found I had been in Cobalt he asked me my idea of La Rose. I told him it was too high at \$8.50. A look of contempt came over the man's face and he said, "It's going to \$10," and walked away. I fancy he has his stock yet. Ten dollars was promised for Crown Reserve while it was being nearly distributed around \$6.50 till this paper knocked two dollars off it. Fifty dollars were promised for Nipissing, and five dollars for Foster. Such cases are in large numbers in Cobalt affairs.

There are those people who wish to get the last dollar out of the market, and these people surely get it in the neck. The rule in all matters pertaining to mining stocks is to regard all promoters as being out to do and the whole game akin to poker.

But to come to the point. The thing is to keep the public from selling their stock, and to do this the best thing is mystery. A grand example of this is the move in Cobalt Lake. I have asked mining engineers of standing and brokers of repute and each alike is mystified.

The stock holders stand back and watch the market rise, and refuse to market their stock though everyone knows the price is away above value. "The stock is going higher," and they sit tight and they will sit tight and see it decline again, and afterwards they will kick themselves that they did not sell at the top of the market, forgetting that the top was marked by the sale of but a few thousand shares.

Here is another very human failing in things market-wise. A stock takes a sudden rise to a high level through manipulation and declines again, and every holder of that stock thinks he suffered a loss because he did not sell at the top, and he will hold on tight in hopes that it will get there again. There are about 1,500 holders of Crown Reserve who think they have suffered a loss because they did not unload at \$6.00. As a matter of fact there were only a few thousand shares sold above \$5.00. The fact that it got to six was because there were not more sold.

Now that electric power is really being turned on in Cobalt the production of several of the mines should improve. The Coniagas and the Temiskaming and the McKinley-Darragh should all do better. With the first and the last it should result marketwise in improvement. The Temiskaming is so much in debt that the new conditions must be discounted. It will be interesting to know how its ores yield under concentration. There is no ore exactly similar to Temiskaming. The majority of mills in Cobalt are milling Huronian slates.

Among the professional Cobalt traders the word is that the public is further away from the market than

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for nervous people. Taken at night, it acts as a harmless and very effective hypnotic. Calming and a nerve tonic—nourishes and strengthens. Palatable and without any disagreeable after effects.

PORTER

ever, so the trading on the mining exchanges is to be put down largely to floor-trading—swapping jack knives. The reader of stock quotations who sees a number of sales in this and that stock should not fancy that these show that the public are in the market. For many months a very great portion of stock traded in what is called floor-trading, a broker going on the floor of the exchange in the morning and buying this or that stock and selling it out by evening. This is perfectly legitimate, but the quotations go down on the board as if it were outside buying. Very little real stock changes hands in this trading as most traders even up every day before closing.

The owner of Cobalt shares should always remember that his market is one part value and ten parts manipulation. A promoter has 100,000 shares of a wild cat stock, and he manipulates the market to \$1 per share and fondly imagines that he is worth \$100, but let him take away his support and the market is gone and with it his \$100. How some men can keep putting good money into the market to live in a fool's paradise I do not know. What other than disaster can they see in it I do not know. The Cobalt frenzy has left the public—it is only reasonable to suppose it would in three years. It is my idea that some of these days a bunch of stock will come on the market and then another, and there will be a bit of a panic and then it will be all over. A great many mining shares will be added to the archives in which are already stowed those turned loose twelve years ago with Rossland and Klondyke marked across them. The child is told of the robbers' cave and gold and riches without limit, and the pictures lie dormant until a tale of a new mining camp tickles the fancy and out of the lumber-room of the brain come the old tales in panorama to weave themselves in a lying prospectus. The nursery tale has much to be responsible for.

COMMENT ON COBALT'S

ON numerous occasions SATURDAY NIGHT has been asked particulars of the Cleopatra Mine, Cobalt. This property has been largely exploited in the United States.

The following report, which places this property in the doubtful class, is believed upon as being accurate:

The Cleopatra Mining Co. and its glowing or rather glittering possibilities have been so interestingly and entertainingly dwelt upon in the advertising columns of the widely-read American magazines that it would seem hardly necessary for any additional information to be given upon it. There has been associated with the mine all the romance and extravagance that clusters around the name, and a clear, plain statement of facts cannot presume to hold the interest for the reader that is to be found in Mr. Vannell Sawyer's advertising copy—unless the reader happens as you do to have a financial interest in the subject of this pleasing imaginative fiction.

The Cleopatra ground in the Cobalt camp is located in the Gillies Timber Limit, just south of Coleman Township, in which the chief mines are situated. According to Mr. Sawyer's map it is in the Millionaires' Row, but we in the camp are not familiar with that designation. To the south and west of it lie the Wyandoh and Waldman properties. On the boundary line between these a fine vein of plate silver was discovered upon the surface, but this discovery is a full claim away from Cleopatra ground. To the north lies the Silver Mountain claim, which has been idle for a year or more after vigorous prospecting failed to uncover any values. Adjoining the Cleopatra on the west is the Silver Bar, which has produced some ore from surface cuts, but has never been able to locate any underground. This property has been closed down for six months at least. North and east up the line of the Kerr Lake branch of the railroad the situation is better. The University claim of the La Rose Consolidated is the nearest. This mine was operated independently in the early days of the camp and shipped altogether about 230 tons of ore. It did not pay any dividends, however. It is now closed down though some work was done upon it last fall.

The next of these "millionaire" properties is the Foster. This mine actually produced a million in the early days, but has not been on a paying basis since 1907. The Foster veins were bonanzas on the surface, but nothing worth mining has been located at depth.

The next stop on "Millionaire Row" is at the Lawson claim of the La Rose Consolidated, which has been one of the show places of the camp. Right by the main road there is a beautiful vein of silver on the surface that is known far and wide as the silver sidewalk. The Lawson, however, has not yet reached the paying stage. Development was tied up until recently on account of litigation, and although some shipments have been made from it, they have not yet paid for what has been spent upon it.

THE ONLY REAL MILLIONAIRES.

Next to the Lawson, but by this time we are a mile or two from the Cleopatra, we find the Kerr Lake and Crown Reserve Mines, both of which have produced millions of ounces of the white metal. They are the only real millionaires on the famous row.

I have dwelt upon the location of the Cleopatra at length because that has been most emphasized in the stock-selling campaign. The fact that there are rich mines in the Cobalt district has been cleverly used to make people believe that Cleopatra could not help being one of them.

This method of selling stock on the location of a property has been long over-worked. Any illustration from the Cobalt camp will serve to show how little location means in the chances of a mine. The Silver Leaf property adjoins the famous Crown Reserve, which is producing \$2,000,000 per year, and the Lawson, which has some of the most spectacular showings in the camp. Nearby is the Kerr Lake, which is also producing over a million a year. The Silver Leaf, however, has not been able to locate any paying ore-bodies and is now under lease to one of its rich neighbors. There are a dozen similar instances in Cobalt that might be cited.

The Cleopatra property in Cobalt consists of 96 acres, about one-third of which is under Giroux Lake. It was bought from the Government by tender, and cost in all not more than \$40,000. The work that has been done upon it could be done for \$20,000, and upon this expenditure the public is asked to buy stock on a selling basis of \$800,000.

So far as the limited amount of exploration work completed at present can show, the Cleopatra lies in the diabase formation. Upon the adjoining properties to the north this formation has held to a depth of approximately 300 feet, and has then been replaced by the Huronian slate formation. In both of these formations silver-bearing veins occur, but they are seldom as rich as those found in the Conglomerate or Keewatin. The

fanciful geology shown in one of the Cleopatra advertisements is excellent from an imaginative point of view. It may be correct from a scientific standpoint, but if it is, it will prove the Cleopatra ground to be entirely different from any other ground in Cobalt. It is impossible to make any final statement about the geological formation of any given piece of ground until it has been opened up, but the experience of engineers in Cobalt has not been in accord with the Sawyer theories. Of course he may be able to see through the surface of the earth. In this connection it may be remarked that the nearest producing vein, the Waldman, is entirely in the Keewatin formation.

So far nothing has been said of the developments upon the Cleopatra property, chiefly because they have been least important in the stock-selling campaign. From the standpoint of the mining man, however, actual developments are more significant than anything else.

VALUES ARE EXAGGERATED.

In view of the fact that the properties were acquired late last summer it is evident that development cannot have progressed very far. While the ground was clear, a force of about twenty-five men was kept at work trenching the ground systematically. As the overburden in this part of the camp is very heavy this was slow and costly work, but the late winter gave them a chance to accomplish a great deal. The management claim to have uncovered twenty veins and stringers, but this number includes every crack and seam that was discovered in the surface of the rock. It is probable that not more than four or five of these would be considered worth further prospecting by an experienced engineer. From three veins assays of silver are said to have been taken, but no samples were in evidence that showed native silver. According to Mr. Sawyer's reports, the values have run from 3,000 ounces to the ton up; according to the statement of the man in charge, in the field at present the assays from the main vein ran from 300 ounces down. This is not sufficiently valuable to be worked at a profit under the conditions at the Cleopatra mine.

There seems to be a great deal of mystery about the big assays reported from the Cleopatra veins. No one seems able to show where the bonanza ore came from. Apparently all the silver in the vein was contained in the samples that were analyzed. From all the information that can be gathered these assays are far from representing the average values in the vein.

When it became necessary to suspend surface work on account of the snow, a shaft was started where the rock outcropped. This shaft, which has been widely described as penetrating foot by foot into the treasure chambers below, has now attained a depth of something over fifty feet. The first twenty-five feet was sunk by hand as that is more effective. Then a pair of 25 horsepower boilers and a small hoist were installed and two large steam drills are in use. When the writer last visited the property the workmen were just about to put the collar over the shaft, no timbering having been done up to that time.

The shaft is entirely in the diabase formation. There is one good wall to break to and apparently it is being put down economically and in a workmanlike fashion.

There is in it at present a small vein of barren calcite three or four inches wide and with slight indications of value.

The plans of the engineers for working the Cleopatra are beautifully simple. The shaft will be continued to a depth of 100 feet, and from that point a crosscut will be run about 50 feet to the southeast to tap and prove up the famous Waldman vein, which, if it runs in a straight, will cross the Cleopatra property about at that point.

Having found it and proven the values, if there are any (an ore-chute seldom runs more than 150 feet and this is expected to run across two lots), the shaft will be continued to 300 feet and extensive operations started upon that level. The ground under Giroux Lake will be explored and the wonderful vein worked at depth. In addition other shafts will be sunk on other parts of the property and a great show of activity will be in evidence.

ORE AT 300 FEET SCARCE.

These plans have advantages and disadvantages. There are not half a dozen veins in the Cobalt camp that have found ore at a depth of 300 feet or over. The values, almost without exception, are found close to the surface. A plan which requires 300 feet of sinking before extensive development is started would be considered sheer waste of money by most engineers in the camp. This is the chief disadvantage.

The chief advantage in the plan is for Mr. Sawyer. It gives him a much longer time to sell stock in his prospect because the work that will show what it is really worth is delayed until a depth of 300 feet has been attained in the shaft. From a stock-selling point of view this is a very marked advantage.

The Cleopatra is being exploited almost entirely upon the expectation of finding an extension of the Waldman vein containing values. Cobalt veins have been notoriously erratic and seldom hold for anything like the length required. This particular vein pitched out of the shaft upon the adjoining Wyandoh property and was not caught for some distance underground. When picked up the strike or direction had altered considerably. It is now running many degrees off the line traced on the Cleopatra.

In addition to the holdings in the Cobalt camp, the Cleopatra Company advertises large holdings of gold and copper properties vaguely located in Northern Ontario, but not in the vicinity of any producing mines. On the gold claims there is said to be several years' run of willing ore, but the profit per ton is not stated. There are many millions of dollars' worth of gold in various sections that would cost more to mine and treat than the gold is worth. Vague statements about gold and copper must be closely investigated before any real money is put into them. These prospects, however, have been kept in the background. The Cleopatra stock is being sold on its Cobalt claims.

Of these Cobalt prospects it cannot be said that they have not a chance of making good. Any prospect that is working in a mineral-producing field has a chance though it is frequently mighty slim. The misrepresentation comes in when a chance which is worth five cents is sold for fifty by means of misleading advertisements. The chances of Cleopatra are not worth more than one-tenth of the price asked for them.

Gladstone's literary aims never failed to annoy Sir Robert Peel. That literature would seduce Gladstone from politics was his fear. Lord Houghton, for instance, related how he was at Drayton when "Church and State" reached Sir Robert. Peel hastily turned over the pages and threw the book on the floor with the exclamation: "That young man will ruin his fine political career if he persists in writing trash like this." And on another occasion he marveled that a man with a career before him should want to write books.

Hon. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - - \$2,500,000**Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000****Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars**

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington Arthur and Bathurst, and
West Toronto.**GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA**

Savings Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive accounts of corporations, firms and individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

RODOLPHE FORGET

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame West

MONTREAL

60 rue de Provence

PARIS, FRANCE

Canadian General Electric Company, Limited**Annual Report of the Board of Directors
For the Year Ended 31st December, 1909.****DIRECTORS.**

W. R. BROCK, President. H. P. DWIGHT, First Vice-President.
FREDERIC NICHOLLS, Second Vice-President and General Manager.
SIR WM. MORTIMER CLARK, LL.D., K.C. HON. ROBERT JAFFRAY.
HON. GEO. A. COX. HON. J. K. KERR, K.C.
A. DYMENT. W. M. MACKENZIE.
RODOLPHE FORGET. W. D. McNAUL.
HERBERT S. HOLT. JAMES ROSS.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

Submitted to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting, Held at the Offices of the Company, in Toronto, on Monday, 25th March, 1910.

Your Directors submit herewith the Consolidated Balance Sheet of the Company as upon the 31st day of December, 1909, the combined statement of Profit and Loss for the year and the Certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Company, Chartered Accountants.

The Profit and Loss Statement, while showing that the Dividend for the year has been earned, does not reflect the actual measure of the prosperity of the Company at the end of the year. Owing to the financial and industrial depression existing in 1909, and extending well into 1910, the first half of our financial year showed discouraging results, but the second half of the year showed improvement in volume of orders received.

Fortunately, however, the latter part of the year showed such decided improvement that we almost succeeded in equalling the earnings of the previous year. At the end of December, 1909, as the Company only increased its work in progress at the actual cost of labor and material, no estimated profits have been taken into account.

Since the close of the year the marked improvement in volume of orders received has been maintained, and present trade conditions warrant the belief that this improvement will continue.

The present contracts for electrical apparatus ever awarded in any country, totalling two hundred thousand horse-power. These include three generators of 12,500 horse-power each, three generators of 12,000 horse-power each, and two of 11,000 horse-power each, and for size and importance have no counterpart in the world to-day, and it should be gratifying to our Shareholders that the Company is in the foremost rank among manufacturers of electrical apparatus, such marks made.

The Canada Foundry Company has just satisfactorily completed for the Canadian Government, at St. Andrew's Rapids, near Winnipeg, a movable dam of steel construction that is one of the most important engineering propositions yet undertaken in Canada, and have recently entered into a contract with the Dominion Iron and Steel Company for the construction of the Bell Telephone Plant.

As a result of the success of the Canada Foundry Company in this department, the Structural Steel Department being overtaxed, as we have had to forego much work during the year owing to the lack of space available, necessitated the purchase of large quantities of raw materials, principally iron, steel and copper, having been drawn during the month of December, with the result of increased borrowings to a moderate amount.

The great development of the Canadian Northwest, and it is extremely difficult to handle the business of the District from either our Vancouver or Winnipeg branches, and your Directors arranged to open a new Branch Office in Calgary, Alberta, which is now in operation.

W. R. BROCK, President.

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, Limited
And Subsidiary Companies.****Consolidated Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1909.****ASSETS.**

Patents and Contracts	\$ 428,012 54
Real Estate, Buildings, etc., at Toronto, Peterboro', Montreal, Branches, and Power Plant at Nassau	3,528,284 06
Machinery and Tools	1,087,299 56



Hamilton, March 21, 1910.

Sir.—Can you inform me who now owns the notorious "Saw Bill" mine near Port Arthur, by means of which the public was so thoroughly exploited some twelve or fourteen years ago? The writer got alienated from some hundreds of his hard-earned dollars by the dazzling prospects held out to the innocents by the prominent exploiters of the concern. The gang made an exhibit of some gold bars in Hamilton, and the stock jumped up to \$3.50 a share, but fell to nothing in a few days. People began to suspect that the gold on exhibition never saw "Saw Bill" mine. Yours truly,

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

The Saw Bill is a close neighbor of the Hammond Reef and its history has been about as unsatisfactory. It is dead these many years. I do not think the promoters would be party to the deception you mention. It may not have been a deception, as many of the Rainy River mines paid for a time till their ore ran out. There is such a thing as an honest failure in mining, though generally the promoters seek to let the failure land on the other fellow. A sort of heads I win, tails you lose proposition.

Niagara Falls Centre.

Will you give me your opinion of the Gifford Cobalt property, management and prospects? Will they, in the ordinary course of events, be on the "shipping" list this summer? What do you consider a fair price for the stock?

J. F.

Gifford is in the unproductive granites of Lorrain and its stock should be sold. I would not care to say what it is worth. It is worth selling.

Ottawa, March 22, 1910.

Dear Sir.—Would like your opinion of City of Cobalt? I bought at 53. As the mine is a regular shipper, I cannot understand why the stock should hang around 40 in the same class with Hargraves, Beaver and other non-shippers. I also understand that they—City of Cobalt—have considerable ore in sight.

What is your opinion of Gifford Cobalt as a speculation? This cost me 33. Like others amongst your correspondents, I also received a telegram from a Toronto brokerage firm to buy Otis at 45, but did not.

City of Cobalt is troubled with the general complaint of over-capitalization and the presence of the town on its property. Some of the insiders have recently been turning the stock into real money. The financial position of the company is not good. But the Cobalt market is 10 per cent. value and 90 per cent. manipulation. It may go up, but if it does it should be sold.

Hamilton, March 21, 1910.

Dear Sir.—Holding a good many paid-up shares in "Chambers-Ferland," I would feel obliged if you would let me know if this company is any good and if it would be advisable to hold on to what I have or to sell out?

A. M.

See elsewhere in this column.

Collingwood.

Dear Sir.—Can you give me any information with regard to Chambers-Ferland stock? Is it a good buy at present prices? Are they likely to ship soon, or, if not, are they still developing?

SUBSCRIBER."

I am getting new information on Chambers-Ferland. I believe the stock should be sold.

Guelph, March 22, 1910.

Dear Sir.—Would you kindly give your opinion re Erie property through your columns and oblige? I enclose herewith a clipping regarding same.

R.

The clipping, from a Toronto paper of March 2nd, 1909, is interesting, showing the methods by which the poor public were deluded into buying for mines such things as the Erie:

"Cobalt, March 1.—Visitors from the South to the district around Cobalt are more numerous than ever, and it is probable that the frequent appearance here of a number of brokers and mining men will soon result in some properties assuming a good deal more prominence than they have previously shown. Yesterday among those who were in town were F. L. Culver of the Silver Queen; James A. Gormally, Frank Loring, M.E., and J. H. Jewell, and a number of others. The Erie property seemed to be the objective point for most of the visitors. It is said that recent operations have caused a much larger valuation to be placed on the property than ever before in its history. Little has been written about the progress of work at the Erie mine the past few months, but it appears that the mine manager has been satisfied with the outlook all along, and has continued development steadily, and that quite recently his prediction has been proven. Those who inspected the property yesterday found several veins on the 70-foot level of No. 2 shaft converging. The point of contact has not as yet been reached, but the expert opinion favors the existence of a rich ore body. The directors and large shareholders who inspected the property expressed themselves as being more than satisfied at the very encouraging conditions found, and as a result the Erie is likely to come more and more into the public eye. The men of the world have been greatly facilitated by means of new buildings and some additions to the plant, and Superintendent Chisholm will increase his working force during the coming week. The Erie has always been regarded here as a property that would sooner or later make good, and those who believed in the property are now recalling their prediction regarding the mine."

The Erie looks like a dead one. We will endeavor to get an expert's report on this property.

Dear Sir.—I have followed your page for reference to the Right-of-Way Mines of Cobalt but as no one has asked about the stock, I shall.

We hold 1,500 shares—500 of the old, which was bought a couple of years ago at \$5.10. We have received good interest on our money in dividends, but wish to know to what we can look forward to?

If you know, personally, the condition of the mine, and what it will produce, outside of newspaper guesses, I would be greatly obliged if you would give such information this week, or as soon as space permits.

The integrity of the directors we do not for a moment doubt—they being men of high honor and standing—who, I believe, have tried to carry on a legitimate enterprise in a business way.

You have been waiting for a view on Right of Way. I have been waiting for you. You say you got a dividend. I will tell you that you got a division of capital. A mine does not pay a dividend after the manner of a railroad, but all disbursements are return of capital for the reason that a mine of necessity has so much ore in it and the more you take out the less there is in it. That's why mine such as those of Cobalt should pay over twenty per cent. to be worth par. My opinion of the Right of Way is that its main source of revenue is exhausted and there is nothing much to do but sit and see your stock fade away and gradually die. The chance of the development of new bodies is too remote to be considered.

Ste. Agathe des Monts, Que.

Dear Sir.—Do you not think that the fake stock promoters are aided by the extravagant, ignorant, misrep-

resentative articles written by some of our journalists? In an article appearing in a Canadian periodical over the name of a prominent lady journalist, I noticed wild references to the "billion dollar oil belt of Alberta," "the inexhaustible timber" of British Columbia, and frequent mention of wealth waiting the finder, the whole stated in such an artless feminine fashion that it must convey utterly false ideas to the uninformed reader. If one can judge from their articles, very few of our lady journalists who write so unduly have anything but hazy, superficial ideas such as are gathered by hurried trips and association with optimists who have something to sell.

Can you tell me if Quebec Railway bonds, advertised at 84, are a good buy?

H. M.

Quebec Railway bonds are not a strictly high grade security. Would call them a fair speculative investment.

Ladysmith, British Columbia.

Gentlemen,—I am a reader of your paper, which is sent to me regularly. Will you answer through your columns headed "Gold and Dross" if you think the Canadian Northwest Oil Company a genuine company and in which it is safe to invest? It claims to have got oil in its boring, but not in paying quantity, and that it is sure to get it deeper. A number of persons have invested in it who live here.

W. X. Y.

Here is another one who calls buying oil stocks an investment. The Canadian Northwest Oil Company may be genuine enough for all I know. But W.X.Y. should understand that they are all gamblers. Play the races or poker, and leave the oil business to oil men. The chances are greatly against your making good.

C. H. R., Woodstock, bought American Marconi at \$4.50, Empress Mining and Milling Company of Arizona

and for the Gold King I paid 12c. a share. Immediately after that they amalgamated the two concerns, but as yet I have not received my certificate for the last thousand shares. I have a receipt for the money, but that is all. I am getting anxious. Another lady I know took shares in Cobalt Twins. She paid 10c. per share, and there has been 17c. and 18c. offered and no sale, as there was a pool made of the shares. The pool will be broken in April.

I am afraid you have been badly advised, and so far as I am aware, hold worthless paper. None of these mention mines. They are prospects, and that is all that can be said of them. If your friend can get 17c or 18c for her Cobalt Twins, I would advise her by all means to take it.

Elora, Ont., March 24, 1910.

Dear Sir.—A short time ago I bought some stock in the Atlantic Oil Co., Ltd., of which Hon. Clifford Sifton is president. I paid an instalment of seventy-five dollars at time of purchase, but before paying the balance I would like your opinion of it, as I would rather let the seventy-five dollars go now, than to lose it all. Is it a sound business proposition, or have I been stung?

A VICTIM.

I have before referred to the Atlantic Oil Company on this page. The property located in South America is said to be proving up satisfactorily. The property, so far as I am able to gather, is in good hands. But please remember that oil companies are out and out gamblers. You may win out and again you may not.

Midland, Ore.

Dear Sir.—Could you give me any information in your columns about Chambers-Ferland Mining Co.? Is it a safe investment? They seem to have made good shipments in the first six months of 1909. They also adjoin



some of the best properties. There was considerable talk of having difficulties over the royalties, and now it seems they are waiting for cheap power. I wrote three times last year for the report of the annual meeting which was held in June, 1909, and failed to receive it.

SHAREHOLDER.

Chambers-Ferland is not an investment, but is an unbalanced mining promotion. The men who launched it have plenty of money to develop had they not seen more money in the public than in the ground. Cheap power may help it a bit, but its ores are low grade.

Massey Station, Ont.

Dear Sir.—Kindly let me know if you know one, J. W. Jewel, one time prominent in the mining business? Myself and others held a quantity of Beaver mining shares. This man Jewel advertised that these Beaver shares to be of any value must be exchanged for Erie shares. Myself and others exchanged, and since then have heard nothing of Erie or Jewel.

See answer to Subscriber, Guelph.

Cookstown, March 26, 1910.

Dear Sir.—Would you advise investing in the Toronto-Cuban Grape Fruit Company?

The grape fruit propositions are opening up in scores, but I have never seen anything in any of them that gave me the idea they were good enough to put money into. Cuba is a delightful country to winter in, but I doubt very much if the average Canadian would care to live there. In the first place the workers in Cuba is the Cuban negro, who is by no means a desirable personage, with his bad habits. Sir George Van Horne and other financiers have made money out of Cuba and will probably continue to do so, but that does not make it plain that the average Canadian buying land with the idea of eventually growing fruit upon what he holds is going to do likewise. Nine out of ten of these far-away ventures are out-and-out fakes. Better invest your money in Canada, as the Englishman is doing.

The Fort George Townsite artists, who were ventilated in a previous issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, are now publishing what they call a Bulletin of Facts concerning this proposition. It will be remembered that SATURDAY NIGHT published a report upon this property, the same being taken from an official document issued by the Grand Trunk Pacific, in which it was stated that this Fort George Townsite Company had precious little chance of ever amounting to anything. I append the report printed in a previous issue in order that those who did not chance to see it at the time may now take warning and keep their money in their pockets in place of buying what the Fort George Townsite Company is pleased to call town lots:

We have at different times in these columns warned prospective investors to be very careful regarding the placing of their money in questionable Western townsite propositions. We have also warned people to enquire carefully into the "Fort George" proposition as put on the market by the National Resources Security Co., Limited, Vancouver, B.C.

We have made careful inquiry into this "Fort George" proposition from official sources, and find that the advertisements of this corporation do not accord with the facts. In the first place, the townsite of Fort George, which will eventually be

located by the Grand Trunk Pacific, will be upon the Indian Reserve at Fort George. As yet it has not been subdivided nor any undertaking to sell lots made.

"On the proposed line between Edmonton and Vancouver, G.T.P. Ry.," says the advertisement of the National Resources Security Co., Ltd., published in the Toronto papers in February.

As a matter of fact, no definite conclusion has been reached by the Grand Trunk Pacific authorities as to whether there will be a line from Fort George to Vancouver.

To again quote from the company's "come-on" literature:

"We believe that we are offering to you one of the really great opportunities—the opportunity to participate in the beginning of the last great metropolis of North America. This being the case, we are not offering to you an outlying subdivision or addition, nor are we offering lots in a place destined to remain a village."

In view of the above statements, it may be well to point out that the Indian Reserve, where the townsite of Fort George will be located, is controlled absolutely by the Grand Trunk Pacific, and that this townsite company and any other corporations which may spring up, must of necessity be located anywhere from one to two miles from the G.T.P. Company's townsite and station.

In another advertisement this "Fort George" Company announces, or at least infers that the Grand Trunk Pacific will establish shops or other works at Fort George. As a matter of fact, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has never made any announcement that they would build shops or other works at Fort George, and as a matter of fact no such project has even yet been considered.

The above information comes to Toronto Saturday Night in the form of an official report, and can be absolutely relied upon. It may be further stated that the Grand Trunk Pacific Company has no connection, either directly or indirectly, with any of these "land" companies which are at the moment attempting to boom real estate of questionable value.

On the map, published in "A Bulletin of Facts," a fine bit of unpremeditated humor is incorporated in that title, is a map showing among other things the "projected site of railway shops and elevators." The fact of the Grand Trunk Pacific owning the real town site, having never even discussed the building of an elevator at this point, much less shops, is, of course, a mere trifle. The "Bulletin of Facts," also states that there are several thousand people now interested as lot owners in this corporation. If these people had made inquiries from the Grand Trunk Pacific authorities they would probably have kept their money in their pockets.

Mitchell, March 29th, 1910.

Dear Sir.—Got slightly bitten on Marconi stock. Am now offered by same firm to take back stock and give instead International Tool Steel common in ratio of \$100 par value Steel, for \$50 par value Marconi. Is this from frying pan into fire? Had I better trade?

Respectfully yours

J. A. B.

You have guessed it. It is six of one and a half dozen of the other.

Winnipeg, Man. 24, 3, '10.

Sir.—Kindly give me your opinion re enclosed ad, providing the board of directors were men of good standing. Hoping to see reply in next week's SATURDAY NIGHT.—M. C.

I have no faith in your "Lucky Jim." The property at Valdez Island is sufficiently far away to bear the enchantment by distance. The advertising matter does not read right to me. It strikes me that if any important body of telluride ore were found in B.C. the press would have very generally reported it ere this.

Hay Bay, Ont., March 26, 1910.

Dear Sirs.—Can you put me wise on Seawill Gold Dredging Company, Kansas City, Mo., now at work near Dahlonega, Ga.?—A. C. P.

No but I would strongly advise you to leave all stocks based upon gold dredging alone. I think I would default in all further payments.

Glenboro, Man., March 24, 1910.

Dear Sir.—Kindly give me your opinion of the properties, directorate, management, etc., of the O'Kelly Mines, Limited, Gow Ganda.—E. M. D.

I do not know the O'Kelly. Gow Ganda is a new camp and there is much to learn about it. Will make further inquiries about O'Kelly.

Brantford, March 23, 1910.

Dear Sirs.—Would you kindly tell me through your Gold and Dross column whether you consider Carbon Oil Co., of Winnipeg, at \$10.00 per share a good investment, and what is your opinion of company?—Brant.

In a general way I regard the buying of oil shares even a surer way of losing money than the buying of wild-cat mining shares.

Seaforth, Ont., March 26, 1910.

Dear Sir.—Would you be kind enough to give me, through the columns of your paper, your opinion of the Argentum Mines Company, who are working on a lease they hold on the Foster Mining Co., of Cobalt? I bought a block of stock around 26c and it is now down to 10c. on the New York Curb. Would you advise me to hold the stock or sell it at present figures? I would be much obliged if you could answer in an early number of SATURDAY NIGHT.

I think you would be getting all the stock is worth at 12 cents.

Toronto, March 24, 1910.

Dear Sir.—Over three years ago I bought some stock of the Cobalt Merger, which I believe is now in the hands of the Right-of-Way Mining Company. Do you know anything about this, and is the stock of any value? I paid \$1.00 for it.—A. B.

The Cobalt Merger never merged. The stock I believe to be valueless.

Difficult Ore to Work.

JACOB COHEN, J.P., Toronto's Hebrew magistrate, does not think that any efforts which the Christians of Toronto may put forth to proselytize his people will be crowned with any conspicuous success.

"We'll make a Christian of you yet, Jakey," is a pious prophecy often heard around the Police Court where Mr. Cohen appears daily as an interpreter.

To such a threat he has an invariable reply.



THIS is the time of year when endurance contests are in favor with automobile enthusiasts. They are now being held or arranged for in different parts of the country, and soon there will be a large number of them in progress. This brings up the subject which has frequently been discussed by Canadian motorists in private, but not, so far as I know, in public print—and that is an endurance run over Canadian roads by exclusive Canadian entries. That such a contest would be productive of much pleasure for those taking part, and of much benefit for the sport generally, seems to be clear. And there does not seem to be any good reason why it should not be held.

A Canadian endurance run might easily be arranged for in this province, and there ought to be no difficulty in getting fifty or more entries for it out of the large and rapidly growing number of motorists in the country. The entries might be divided into amateurs and professionals in their respective classes, and there would thus be no danger of conflict in this respect. The contest could be held in July, when the roads are in the best condition; and while on the subject of roads, it might be pointed out that such a contest would be of the very greatest assistance to the good-roads movement in Ontario.

The run need not be a very ambitious undertaking. A four days' trip would probably be sufficient for a first venture, and the distance to cover might well be in the neighborhood of five hundred miles. This would give the motorists plenty of time to consider their comfort, and would make the run a pleasure jaunt and a holiday as well as a contest. Another aspect of the trip would be the visit to many small towns, which would thus be familiarized with the presence of automobiles in considerable numbers, and which would be brought to realize the advantages to be reaped in trade from the development of the touring habit. Altogether it would seem that the scheme has many advantages which should

commend it to the favorable consideration of the motorists of the province and of the country generally.

HERE are some facts concerning the new Los Angeles Motordrome, where the automobile meet will be held from April 8th to 17th: This immense broad saucer, which is a perfect circle, measuring exactly one mile, to within a fraction of an inch, is banked all around at an angle of 18 degrees. Its outer rim is 25 feet high and 75 feet wide. It is built of the finest quality of Oregon pine, which is said to be the very best wood to stand the sun without warping and cracking. So little rain falls on the coast that warping through dampness does not have to be taken into consideration.

Three million feet of 2-by-4-inch planks, 16 feet long, and 4-by-6-inch under supports enter into the saucer's construction, and more than 100 tons of nails, spikes and bolts were purchased to hold the structure together properly. Railroad engineers who have seen it declare that its construction is so strong that an express train with rubber tires could be run on it. A remarkable feature of the "pie pan" is that if all the underpinning were removed the wooden dish would still stand alone and be strong enough to stand several cars racing on it, so remarkably have the planks been wedged and entwined.

The course is situated about a mile and a half from Playa del Rey, a short ride on the Los Angeles Pacific line from Los Angeles. For night racing the track will be lighted by seventy arc lamps of 4,000 candle power each, placed 40 feet high, and overhanging the track.

Three cemented subways will connect the arena parking space with the outside, two of these being for machines and the other for pedestrians. Seating arrangements for 20,000 persons have been planned, the covered box seats on the home-stretch side accommodating 3,000, the remaining 17,000 to be taken care of in bleachers located on the north side of the saucer.

The programme for the first week's racing is an extensive one, consisting of 37 events, and in variety for all classes of cars as recognized by the contest board of the American Automobile Association. The longest events will be 100 miles—four in number—for that number of classes of cars, and a two hours' race for stock chassis, 600 cubic inches piston displacement. According to the programme for the first meet thirty silver trophies will be awarded, besides \$8,575 in fifty-three cash prizes. The richest first prize will be a trophy and \$1,000 in gold to the winner of the 100-mile race for cars between 451 and 600 cubic inches piston displacement.

THERE have been all sorts of tours, endurance runs, and reliability and economy contests for pleasure motor vehicles, but commercial motor vehicles have been neglected in this respect, except for privately organized tests of the kind. Now comes a suggestion that an efficiency contest of several days' duration be organized solely for business motor vehicles. A. B. Corderer, general manager in New York for rapid motor vehicles, has advanced a plan for an organized run of several days' duration over the hilly country near New York city for self-propelled trucks, wagons, and coaches. He suggests that a trip of this character be run through the Catskill Mountains, for example, each competing car being loaded to its capacity at the start, making deliveries at given points and taking on new loads at specified intervals. He would have a faithful account kept of the exact cost of operation throughout, the average amount of load carried, time occupied in deliveries, and total time for each day's run. From this could be evolved a basis of award, and the result would be highly interesting to employers of delivery systems.

A clever machinist of Jackson, Mich., gives to the motor car owners and drivers a simple and economical method of locking an automobile when not in use. He drills a hole in the ratchet frame that holds the levers in such a position that a padlock can be slipped down through the socket in which the lever travels and just back of it in such a fashion that it cannot be moved. The only place that this arrangement will be hard to arrange will be in a planetary transmission. Another method is to take a large split key and drill a hole near the end large enough to pass a padlock through it. Drill a hole clear through the ratchet frame, and to lock the car slip the key in place and secure the end with a padlock. CHAUFFEUR.

The International School of Peace has appointed Mrs. Anna Sturges Duryea its official representative on the platform.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED.

The annual statement of the Canadian General Electric Company for the year 1909 has just been published. It shows total assets of \$10,

"Don't Send a Boy on a Man's Errand"

A GREAT many automobile manufacturers feature the magnificent bodies of their cars—a feature that appeals to the eye only—but what about the engine that is going to pull that same luxurious body? It's the old-time method of putting the cart before the horse; in other words—a small uncapable engine, a mere "boy" as it were, is expected to pull that heavy (but beautiful) body in a "man's" style.

McLaughlin-Buick cars are DIFFERENT.

They have the finest bodies made—fashioned from the best obtainable woods by expert workmanship—but there's something more important in the construction of a McLaughlin—the engine.

Economical—powerful—simple—capable engines that can pull any body anywhere—laugh at the little "pony" engine as it grunts up the hills with its cumbersome body—and beat anything on the level stretch.

When buying a motor car—consider—buy a powerful engine—you couldn't ride if you didn't have that all-important asset.

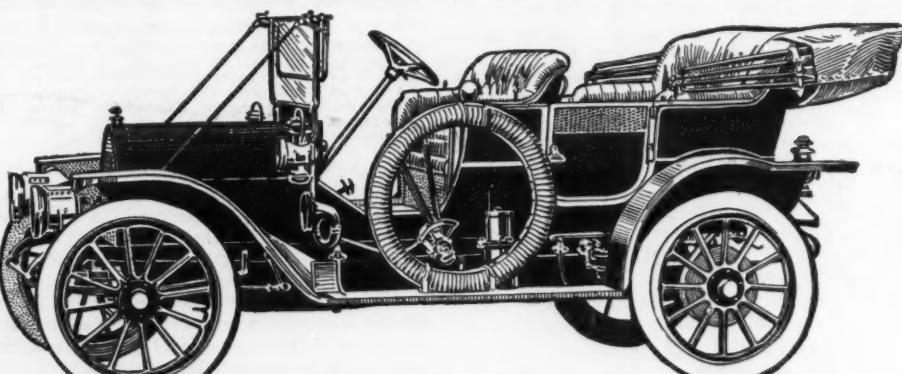
The McLaughlin-Buick has it.

"A man to do a man's work every time" has been the policy in the construction of this justly popular line, whose engines are the symbol of power.

McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited

OSHAWA

Toronto Showrooms - Corner Church and Richmond Streets



The driver's seat and control are on the left-hand side of the Reo—convenient for dismounting to the sidewalk.

Four-Cylinder Reo \$1500

Thirty horse-power—50 miles an hour

An Engineering Victory

It is comparatively easy for a maker to build a car that will "do things" if he puts enough money and weight into it. But money is money, and weight is money, too—money for big and quickly-worn-out-tires, money for more fuel and expensive maintenance.

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291,838.98 and liabilities of \$6,700,000 in shares (preferred and common), in mortgages \$267,568.05, and in current liabilities in bank advances and accounts payable of \$1,275,308.92. After a reserve for depreciation of \$919,963 the sum of \$1,829,000 is shown to be the surplus on hand. Though the dividends for the year were earned, the first half of the year showed discouraging results be-

cause of insufficient manufacturing orders to enable the company to keep all its various departments at work on an economical basis. Fortunately the latter part of the year showed a decided improvement and the company was enabled to almost reach its earnings of the previous year. In the last two months of the year the company secured some of the most important contracts for ap-

paratus ever awarded in any country and the Structural Steel department is so overtaxed with orders that the directors have decided to authorize its extension. The great development of the North-west has also made it advisable to open an additional branch in Calgary. Altogether the directors find in the present conditions, grounds for an optimistic outlook and progressive policy.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

E. & J. BURKE'S

Three Star

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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? Points About People ?!

Mackenzie a Strop Holder.

RALPH SMITH, M.P. for Nanaimo, spent a few days in Toronto recently, and while there went one noon hour into the barber shop of the King Edward. The shop was filled, and he had to wait his turn. Eventually the sound of "next" came from the knight of the razor and he moved towards the vacant chair. As he stepped forward to get in, the barber said: "You will have to excuse me, sir, here is one of my regular customers."

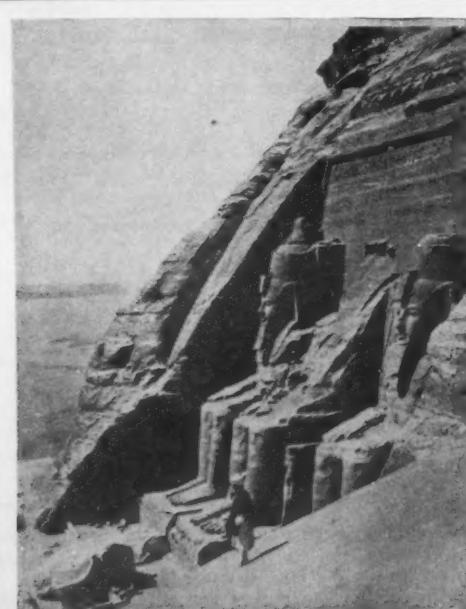
The M.P. looked up and saw that the man whom the barber wanted to secure was no less than William Mackenzie. With a bound he jumped into the chair, and taking hold of the barber's leather strop just in front, he said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Mackenzie. I am a strap holder, and having got accustomed to holding the strap in your street cars, I do not intend to let go now."

The president of the Toronto Railway appreciated the joke, and, removing Ralph's hand from the strop, took hold of it himself while the M.P. was being shaved and had a pleasant chat about the railway situation in British Columbia and other matters of political interest.

Father of the Game Laws.

PERIODICALLY the game laws of Ontario and other provinces come under discussion and there is no doubt that many imagine the movement to be a modern one. The Quebec telegraph, however, has of late been engaged in publishing commentaries based on the daily news of fifty years ago and states that the Hon. Colonel Prince, a member of the old Parliament of Canada which used to meet alternately at Toronto and Quebec was the father of the game laws. In 1860 he made a speech in support of legislation which he had already in past years been instrumental in placing upon the statute books and calling for a further shortening of the season during which game might be killed. He made a very urgent appeal to Canadians to pay more attention to this most important asset of the country, enlarging upon its value and its attractiveness to visitors, and claiming that it



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EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S JOURNEY TO CAIRO FROM WADI-HALFA T QASSUAN.

The Temple of Abu Simbel, as Roosevelt will see it. This view shows the court before the entrance. The solid rock has been cut out with bronze chisels. The colossi represent Ramesses II.

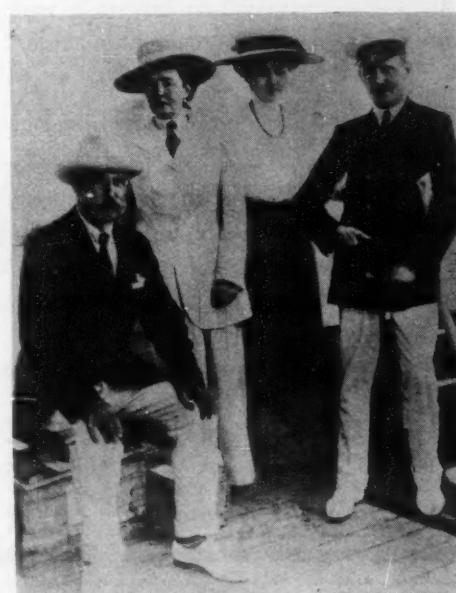
was the sport afforded by Canadian game that first induced him to take up his residence in this country. He instance the butcher-like manner in which a number of men, instead of stalking moose, would engage Indians to assist them in rounding the animals up and then shooting them down like oxen. He spoke of the system, as a shameful slaughter, almost as wicked as the slaughter of the buffalo in the West, which he rightly foretold would result in the complete annihilation of the animals.

The Murder of D'Arcy McGee.

APRIL 7th next will mark the forty-second anniversary of the assassination of the brilliant and eloquent Irish-Canadian, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in honor of whom the Federal Government will erect a statue in Ottawa. The tragedy connected with Mr. McGee's untimely end is familiar to every reader of Canadian history, but how the late George Gregg, who, away back in the later sixties, was Ottawa correspondent for the Leader (then a Toronto daily paper) managed to land for his sheet one of the biggest "scoops" on record, is generally known to present-day newspaper readers.

The Leader issued two editions daily—morning and evening—and was published on the very spot where now stands the Leader hotel at the corner of King street and Leader lane. The assassination of D'Arcy McGee occurred about two o'clock in the morning shortly after the House of Commons had adjourned. During the evening McGee had delivered a stirring address in which he had expressed the loftiest sentiments of loyalty to the Crown and devotion to Canada. It had been a busy night for the boys in the press gallery and, after finishing their work, all the representatives had gone home with the exception of George Gregg who was later than usual completing his report of the proceedings in the Commons.

On reaching Sparks street he heard of the shooting and immediately wired his paper about three hundred words. This was about half an hour after the murder.



ROYALTY WHO ARE IN AFRICA.

The Duke, brother of King Edward, and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia of Connaught, who is looked on as the future Queen of Portugal, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. This picture was taken on board The Admiral at Mombasa, East Africa, just before they landed, to begin a wild game shooting expedition. (Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

Gregg followed up his first story an hour or two later with a column more of the details and at five in the morning came another short despatch. Thus he registered one of the cleanest news feats on record, while all his confreres were soundly sleeping. They did not learn a word of the tragedy until hours later. The Leader, with the exclusive news of McGee's assassination sold rapidly for the tidings aroused intense excitement in Toronto and throughout the country.

A few of the copies of the Leader of April 7, 1868, containing the story of the memorable incident are still in existence, one being among the old newspaper files in the Toronto Reference Library. The Leader ceased publication about 1875 and George Gregg helped to found its successor, the *Mail*. The man, who scored such a sensational "scoop" was an ardent curler. While engaged one night in the roarin' game, over thirty years ago, he contracted a cold which developed into pneumonia and caused his death. Thomas A. Gregg, a brother, was later well-known in Toronto journalism and is residing today at Erindale, Ontario.

Not So Dry as He Thought.

THE other day a prominent divine connected with the Social and Moral Reform League, and the Lord's Day Alliance, and the Methodist church, visited the House of Commons. He wished to appear in committee and make certain objections to proposed legislation that was being put forward in certain private bills. He appeared in the committee, made his objections, but the bills went on their way just the same.

"The moral and spiritual life of the people," he contended, "would be killed."

This much he confided to several of his acquaintances who were loitering around the lobbies. He asked for their support, and these obliging parliamentarians took the reverend divine to one of the round tables in the green bailed room. The waiter appeared and asked for the orders he took down everything from Scotch and soda to ginger beer.

"Surely you do not sell liquor here," said the preacher.

"Oh, yes sir," was the response.

"And just to think, I have been preaching for three years that you Liberals had abolished the bar in the House of Commons. No, thank you, nothing to-day," he replied.

And meanwhile the reverend divine discussed the observance of the Lord's Day while his companions drank their Scotch.

Montreal and the Discobolus.

THE Puritanic spirit is not unusually associated with Montreal, but a satirical poem which has been dug out of somebody's old scrap book shows that the city was once not untainted with the sentiment of those who would from modesty, clothe the legs of the piano.

An English writer recalls the visit paid by Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," to the Montreal Museum of Natural History, "where he found casts of the

Discobolus and Antinous stowed away in a lumber room among a heap of skins, where an old man was stuffing an owl. Butler asked the old man why the statues were not put where the people could see them. 'Well, sir,' answered the custodian, 'you see, they are rather vulgar'; and he went on to explain that his brother-in-law had business relations with Mr. Spurgeon.' Butler wrote of the occurrence in Grecian metre. Three verses will suffice: And I turned to the man of skins, and said unto him, 'O, thou man of skins,

Wherefore hast thou done thus to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?

But the Lord hardened the heart of the man of skins, And he answered, 'My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon.'

O God! O Montreal!

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar—He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;

I, sir, am a person of most respectable connections.

My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."

O God! O Montreal!

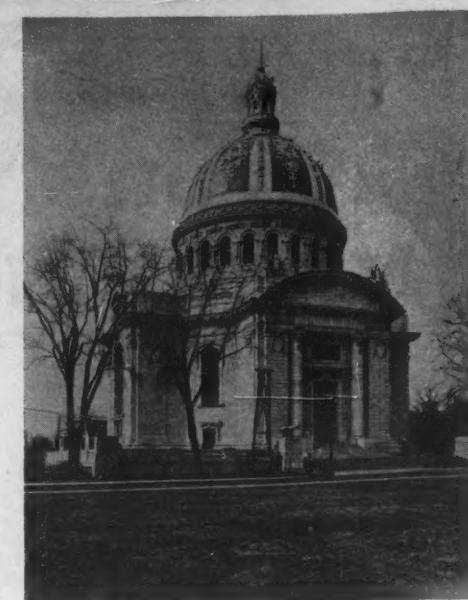
Then I said, 'O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher,

Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,

Thou callest 'trousers' pants, whereas I call them 'trousers.'

Therefore thou art in hell-fire, and may the Lord pity thee!"

O God! O Montreal!



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Mounting the captured Spanish guns on the terrace of the New Chapel at Annapolis Naval Academy, which completes the finishing touches to this beautiful edifice. Photographed March 4th, 1910.

The West and its Ruins.

A CANADIAN business man was recently travelling on the C.P.R. from Montreal to Vancouver, and after Winnipeg was passed, practically his only male travelling companion was a middle-aged Englishman, who turned out to be a London barrister of note, and who was travelling on a pass to make a sort of private inspection of Canada. What he saw did not come near to pleasing him, and in the smoking compartment his conversation was a continuous complaint against the country.

"What a banal landscape!" he said, gazing out of the window; "no hills and trees, no beauty."

"The settlers don't want hills," ventured the Canadian, "it would be too much trouble to plow them. That is the finest wheat land in the world."

"Who cares for wheat land?" asked the Englishman, superciliously, and the Canadian was silenced.

Presently the visitor resumed the plaint. "How confoundedly uninteresting the whole country is," he declared. "Nothing to see! Why, at home the traveller can look at ruins and picturesque sights wherever he turns."

"Oh! we have ruins and picturesque sights in Canada," said his companion. "Wait till we get to Calgary. I'll show you some there."

"Really, you have ruins in Canada? I never heard so. What are they? Aztec remains?"

"No," said the Canadian, "we call them remittance men. They are Englishmen without brains and with no money except what their relatives send them. You'll see lots of them in the hotel bars anywhere in the Northwest if you are looking for ruins and picturesque sights."

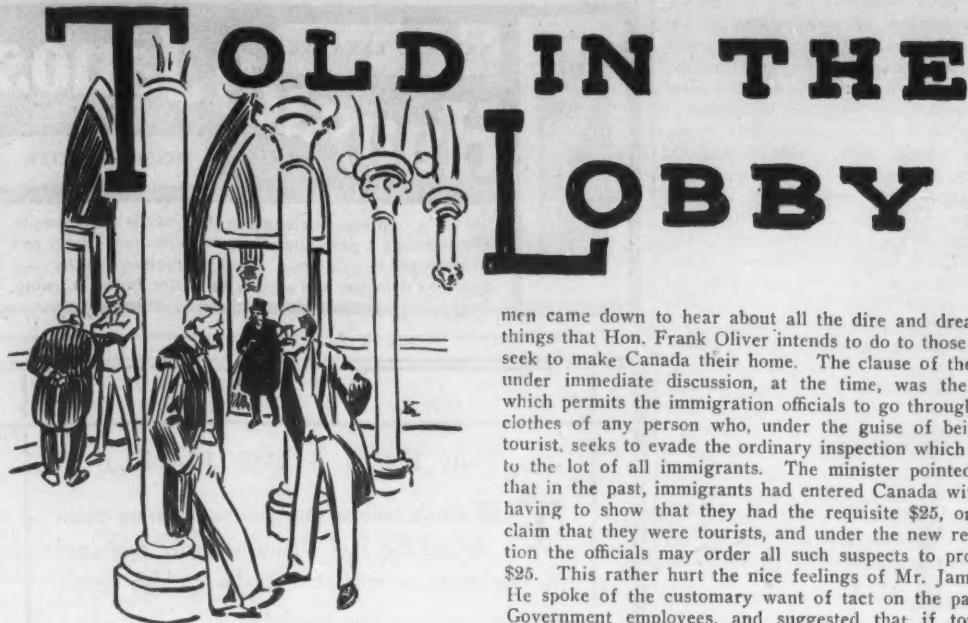
During the balance of the run to Calgary there was a silence as that of the tomb in the smoking compartment.

Popular Actor Recalled.

THE final drop of the curtain in the Academy of Music, Montreal, on March 18, not only closes the history of one of the most famous of Canadian Playhouses but recalls the memory of the player who first acted within its walls and who was long a favorite in Canada. The theatre, which is to be turned into a haberdashery establishment, was erected in 1874 by a number of prominent citizens of Montreal and in 1875 was opened with a stock company managed and headed by Eugene A. Macdowell. The latter was as popular in Toronto as he was in Montreal and when he married the leading lady of his company, Miss Fannie Reeves, a Canadian actress hailing, it is said, from Chatham, Ont., the event created widespread interest. The Allans of steamship fame were interested in the playhouse and when the wedding took place in the church of St. James the Apostle in Montreal, the Allan fleet in Montreal harbor was decorated with streamers in honor of the occasion. Macdowell afterwards used to take his stock company into all the leading Canadian towns and also to the West Indies. At Hamilton, Ont., he picked up a talented beginner with a pathetic face and large appealing eyes. In a season or two she was playing leading ingenue roles with the company and later she joined the stock company of A. M. Palmer and became its leading lady. Her name was Julia Arthur, now Mrs. Benjamin Cheney, of Boston. Another actor who was associated with Eugene Macdowell was her brother, Melbourne, who was never in



WHERE POPE PIUS X. AND COL. ROOSEVELT ARE EXPECTED TO TALK THINGS OVER APRIL 8TH. Our picture shows the Pope's private study, where he receives his distinguished guests in the Vatican, Rome.



OTTAWA, March 29, 1910.

ONE of the best jokes in the history of Canadian parliamentary proceedings of recent years has been the so-called investigation by four Liberal members, and three Liberal lawyers, into the Lumsden charges. Those who followed the doings of the special committee selected by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, were impressed with the irresistible humor of the fact that four Government supporters were gravely considering serious accusations against the administration. And in order that they might be perfectly safe in bringing in verdict of "not guilty" they secured the able assistance of three eminent counsel. One of these, Mr. R. C. Smith, the batonner of the Montreal bar is defending the Transcontinental Commission. Mr. Smith was a Liberal candidate against Mr. H. B. Ames in St. Antoine division at the last general elections. The Committee of four Liberal members then appointed a lawyer to represent the public. This gentleman turned out to be Mr. F. H. Chrysler, K.C., prominent in parliamentary practice, an ex-president of the Ottawa Liberal Association, who since 1896 has drawn in legal fees from the Government some \$35,000. Mr. Chrysler represents the public as against the Government which is on trial. Then the sub-engineers mentioned by Mr. Lumsden as among those in whom he had lost confidence, are represented by Mr. Jack Moss, K.C., of Toronto, who comes of a historic Liberal family. There is the situation. The three lawyers are paid by the Government, the four Liberal members who constitute the committee are stalwart henchmen of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who have in the past done faithful service in the "blocker's brigade," and yet surprise is expressed that the public has not only lost all interest, but all confidence in the proceedings of this star chamber, where the rattle of the loaded dice is plainly heard. Nothing more ludicrous in the shape of a farce was ever presented on the political stage.

MR. CLARENCE JAMESON, the Conservative member for Digby, who surprised everyone at the last elections by winning a seat which had long been in the Liberal column, is a "nice" young man. Outside the precincts of parliament, Clarence would be called "that handsome fellow," but facial beauty, and symmetry of form, do not cut much ice when it comes to political fighting. It is the rough and ready chaps who win out. During the discussion of Mr. Oliver's bulky immigration bill the other night, the gallery was well filled with ladies. There was some kind of a festive function going on somewhere in the buildings, and as a restorative the wo-

men came down to hear about all the dire and dreadful things that Hon. Frank Oliver intends to do to those who seek to make Canada their home. The clause of the bill under immediate discussion, at the time, was the one which permits the immigration officials to go through the clothes of any person who, under the guise of being a tourist, seeks to evade the ordinary inspection which falls to the lot of all immigrants. The minister pointed out that in the past, immigrants had entered Canada without having to show that they had the requisite \$25, on the claim that they were tourists, and under the new regulation the officials may order all such suspects to produce \$25. This rather hurt the nice feelings of Mr. Jameson. He spoke of the customary want of tact on the part of Government employees, and suggested that if tourists were to be held up either at ocean ports, or at border stations, and their pockets searched for the requisite \$25, a pretty condition of things might arise. With a triumphant glance up to the Ladies' gallery, the youthful member for Digby drew a harrowing picture of members of the female sex being made to produce their "roll." It might take some time to get at it, he added and on a public dock or platform the operation might have indecent features.

Everyone agreed that it would be a perfectly "stocking" performance, but the Minister was adamant, and the chivalrous soul of the nice young man from Digby shrivelled at the thought of the harrowing scenes which might follow the attempt to put the new regulation into practical operation.

* * *

M. R. WALLACE DAFOE, one of the best known parliamentary correspondents, recently had a unique experience in the lobby. The telegraph companies have offices in the building not far removed from the Press Room, and almost adjoining the sanctum of the scribes at the further end of the new wing, is the private office of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Dafoe was walking along the corridor when a telegraph messenger boy, evidently new to the job, came rushing up to him and handed him a telegram. The newspaper man was on the point of opening it, when he happened mechanically to glance at the name on the cover. There was the superscription, large as life, "Sir Wilfrid Laurier, House of Commons." Now Mr. Dafoe is the tallest man in the gallery, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is one of the tallest men in the House. But there the resemblance ends. The messenger boy saw a tall man coming alone and jumped to the conclusion that it was the Prime Minister of Canada. Sir Wilfrid is receiving the congratulations of his colleagues. Not many public men have the honor to be so mistaken.

If the Government does not make up its mind to proceed with the legislation on the order paper very soon, a chaotic condition will result. Bills have been introduced this session and permitted to die of neglect, unmet, unhonored and unsung. One of the most important of these was Mr. Mackenzie King's anti-combine legislation. It was introduced with a flourish of trumpets, but no sooner had the sound of the bugles died away, than the bill vanished from sight, and is now serenely reposing in some pigeon hole where academic ideas find their last resting place. The House is waiting patiently for the baby of the cabinet to introduce some legislation of a practical character, but its patience is likely to be sorely tried.

THE MACE.

**Sir John Tenniel's Career.**

SIR JOHN TENNIEL, Punch's veteran cartoonist, who has just entered his ninety-first year, is one of the paradoxes of the London art world. There is no artist whose name is so familiar to every class of whom so little is known. Even when at the zenith of his fame, Sir John shrank so much from the glare of the social world that the "lion hunter" who succeeded in attracting him to his receptions grew to be something of a "lion," too.

"My age doesn't seem extraordinary to me," he said, "and, as I have no programme for longevity, it is impossible to give any recipe. My best advice is just go on living."

Sir John is a Londoner. He was born on February 28th, 1820, and was educated in Kensington. Contrary to dogma, he is a self-taught artist, which, in the academic days of his youth, made his selection as one of the painters of the famous Houses of Parliament frescoes all the more remarkable. He was only twenty-five when he carried out his commission and painted a realisation of Dryden's "St. Cecilia." Five years later he joined the staff of Punch.

He succeeded the famous "Dickey" Doyle, father of Sir Conan Doyle, who retired from the journal because of its critical attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church. His first cartoon, "Lord Jack the Giant Killer," was published a year afterwards. His last, "Time's Appeal," appeared on New Year's Day, 1901.

During the fifty years of strenuous work between the two drawings Sir John Tenniel drew nearly 3,000 cartoons, besides innumerable other illustrations, of which his pictures to "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass" are classics, besides being a godsend to the political cartoonist.

The veteran artist draws no longer. Whitehaired and bearded, he shakes his head and explains that he has "never given up drawing. Drawing has given me up." And he points pathetically to his eyes for, despite his hale and hearty appearance, the great cartoonist is almost blind.

It is safe to say that no political cartoons ever created

anything like the sensation caused by those of Tenniel. His commentaries on the Indian Mutiny, and the Commune of Paris, will always be remembered, while his comparatively recent drawing, "Dropping the Pilot," has become a classic. This pathetic and world-famous picture illustrated the dismissal of Prince Bismarck by the Emperor of Germany. The original drawing was bought by Lord Rosebery, who presented it to Bismarck himself. "Ah," sighed the fallen statesman, looking at it, and shaking his head, "no man ever had a better pleader than the great English artist who has done this. It is, indeed, a fine drawing." —M.A.P.

Ship's Pet Tiger.

YOUNGERS on the river-front in Philadelphia were greatly astonished recently by the sight of a tiger calmly sunning itself on the deck of an ocean liner which was coming up to her pier. When the ship had docked, visitors were invited to "shake hands" with the animal, but all were content to watch the tiger from a safe distance, desiring no more intimate acquaintance. The brute was almost full grown, having been adopted by the crew when it was but a cub and petted and cared for as though it had been a child. Although the beast apparently was friendly with the men of the crew, it generally snarled and showed its teeth whenever strangers approached. It was noted the queerest pet that had ever come into port, although the sailors have some strange mascots.

M. Henri Rochefort, the impetuous editor of *L'Intégraliste*, has made an effort to ascertain the wifely characteristics most desired by the average Frenchman. He asked how, in the opinion of his readers, the following thirteen good qualities in a woman should be graded in point of importance: Beauty, kindness, courage, constancy, fidelity, good nature, brightness, frankness, cleverness, wealth, health, wit and talent. Some twenty thousand men sent in answers, and the result is surprising. The majority put wealth about half-way down the list, and beauty last of all. Neither idealists nor realists were prepared for such a result.



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THE PHILADELPHIA CAR STRIKERS CHARMING FINANCIAL SUPPORT FROM NEW YORK'S POCKETS.
The car strikers have descended upon New York in strong force, each group of two or three with their hand organ. As one of their number grinds out popular melodies, two others generally solicit the sympathy of the passers-by, and there are few who leave their appeal unheeded. By this means the strike, it is thought, will be prolonged until the company capitulates.

A Magician of Tudor Times.

THE life of "John Dee," a famous "magician" of the Elizabethan age, has just been published by Charlotte Fell Smith. John Dee was a Londoner. He was born of Welsh parents in the year 1527, and in 1542 left Chelmsford Charity School for St. John's College, Cambridge. He became a brilliant scholar; he was selected as one of the original fellows of the newly-founded Trinity College; he frightened the undergraduates with his mechanical stage-effects for a performance of Aristophanes' "Eirene"; he went abroad and met all the most distinguished scholars and physicists of his day, and in 1550, a few days after his arrival in Paris, he was appointed a public lecturer on Euclid "mathematically, physically, and mystically considered." As a mathematician he was almost of necessity an astrologer, and it was Dee who determined, at the request of Robert Dudley, a fortunate day for Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Now, all this seems the beginning of a career of high and brilliant promise; for the time there was nothing at all amiss in the astrological practice. Nay: the late Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, a man of immense learning, was a sincere believer in the main principles of astrology, and I do not know what right you and I (who have not made the experiment) have to say finally and dogmatically that there is nothing in it. And then there was another interest of Dee's which was, at least, harmless, or better than harmless. It was called then "natural magic," and, if it reminds us a little of the toy-shops, we must remember that from this "natural magic" arose all our modern mechanical appliances. So Dee describes accurately:

"A diving-chamber supplied with air. . . . The brazen head made by Albertus Magnus, which seemed to speak; a strange 'self-moving' which he saw at St. Denis in 1551; images seen in the air by means of a perspective glass; Archimedes' sphere; the dove of Archytas; and the wheel of Vulcan, spoken of by Aristotle; and comes down to recent workmanship in Nuremberg, where an artificer let fly an insect of iron, that buzzed about the guests at table, and then returned to his master's hand agayne as though it were weary."

In all this we have the serious pursuits and the learned by-play of a good scholar of the age. There was something of Bacon in Dee's nature, and Dee was, it seems certain, a better man than Bacon. And then this learned, devout, and ingenious man began to gaze into crystals, or rather to get other people to gaze for him. From this moment his diaries are little more than the receptacle of the lies told him by impostors, and chiefly by the arch-impostor Kelley, the "sludge" of the Elizabethan era.

Dee did not begin this pitiable descent under Kelley's guidance. His first medium was one Barnabas Saul, 3

licensed preacher. Saul, by the occult arts, gives news of buried treasure: "great chests of precious books" were buried somewhere near Oundle, in Northamptonshire. There were no precious books buried near Oundle, near Northamptonshire. Saul was next visited by a "spiritual creature" who gave directions for "skrying" in the crystal. Later Saul was tried on some charge at Westminster Hall, and, though acquitted, saw no more visions. But poor Dee had eaten of the accursed fruit and before long Kelley was upon him, under the alias of Talbot. Kelley was born at Worcester, in 1555. He left Oxford under a cloud. He stood in the pillory at Lancaster, either as a forger or as a coiner, or both. He then got into trouble for digging up newly-buried corpse, "for the purpose of questioning the dead or an evil spirit speaking through his organs." Then, having discovered the famous powder of projection, turning all things to gold, he seems to have been at a "loose end," and settled on the wretched Dee, at Mortlake. There the Archangel Michael ordered him to marry, and so Kelley married Joan Cooper, of Chipping Norton, whom he treated with consistent unkindness. Henceforth the history of Dee is the history of the ridiculous nonsense and verbiage imparted to him by Kelley, the said nonsense and verbiage being alleged by Kelley to proceed from the angels and archangels and all the company of Heaven.

The unhappy Dee died in a desolate old age. It is a satisfaction to record that Kelley came to a bad and violent end, being murdered, in all probability by one of the princes whom he had cheated with golden lies. But if we are inclined to look down upon Rogue Kelley's victim, let us remember that it is only a few months since the spirits of Gladstone and Disraeli were giving oracles in the columns of a great daily paper.—T. P.'s Weekly.

There is exhibited in the National Museum at Washington a sapphire weighing nine carats, which contains a bubble that appears and disappears with changes of temperature. It is believed that a cavity in the gem encloses a quantity of carbonic acid gas under great pressure. When the temperature is such as to correspond with the "critical point" for that gas, under the particular pressure to which it is subjected in its brilliant prison-house, it liquifies and becomes visible as a bubble.

Miss Sally James Furnham has just completed the bronze frieze for the decoration of the board room in the International Bureau of American Republics in Washington.

Mrs. Murray Foristell has been appointed to take the census of Culver township, St. Charles county, Missouri.



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MOUNT ETNA IN VIOLENT ERUPTION.
The gravest fears are entertained as to the towns in the danger zone. The lava flow is 20 feet in height and 1,500 feet wide, moving at 3 to 4 feet a minute—in 16 hours it covered 5 miles. Our photograph is taken from the city of Catania,

Nature's cure for Liver and Stomach Troubles—
Abbey's Salt
SALT WORKERS. 38

EARL GREY CONTESTS
In the presence and under the Patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Grey.
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ALL NEXT WEEK.
Change of programme every night, including one musical and one dramatic company. Also selected soloists. Prices: 50c to \$1.50. Seats now on sale.

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THE DRAMA



another kiss and for answer he tries to strangle her to death. Very fortunately for all concerned he himself dies of heart failure in the attempt. If "The Crime of the Old Maid Sister" were not considered an adequate sub-title, "Schuyler's Streak of Yellow" might be used as an alternative.

* * *

Of course we are given to understand that the woman in the case is a very special species of siren. She likes to see her lovers wrecked and ruined and dead. In the first act we see her laughing in staccato tones when an infatuated youth kills himself at her feet. In her passion for red roses she is apparently the reincarnation of the daughter of "Ostler Joe" about whom George R. Sims wrote his famous ballad. The red rose typifies for her the only real kind of love, because she sees red most of the time. Blood, blood, blood, is in her thoughts and she and most of the other characters in the piece admire Kipling's poem "The Vampire." "My fool" is her pet name for her victim and he responds with epithet "Vampire" accompanied by appropriate expletives. Her influence is supposed to be hypnotic and a man does not lose his fascination for her by giving her a thrashing once in a while. Mr. Browne as a dramatist has no reserves. He revels in brutalities. In the first act after Fool No. 1 commits suicide in the presence of the audience he rubs in the fact that it is blood and brains that the ship's steward is cleaning up. In the second act the climax to a scene of snake-like fondling by the woman is the administration of a series of heavy blows in the face from the man who is her victim. In the last act the victim's friend seeks an excellent mode of scaring him out of his debauch by violent physical assault and the concluding episode after a realistic presentation of the advanced stages of dipsomania is the dying man's endeavor to strangle the woman. No doubt Mr. Porter Emerson Browne claims a moral purpose and spurns the suggestion that his motive was precisely that of the man who devised the Apache dance seen in the burlesque houses, namely to startle the public with morbid sensations. If his purpose is a moral one he has assuredly over-shot his mark. A drama which absolutely fails to convince anyone of average adult intelligence cannot go very far in the direction of stiffening the moral nature of those who see it. Moreover the playwright has slurred over the important link in his story. It is told literally with a hop, skip and jump. What anyone who takes it seriously wants to know is how such a woman won over to her so fine a man as the Hon. John Schuyler was supposed to be. We see him first as an absolutely infatuated husband with a lovely wife and high hopes. Two months later he is the equally infatuated slave of a Delilah whose history he knows. One is not denying the possibility of anything but one objects to taking such a miracle on trust. The essence

of good drama is the convincing portrayal of processes. The characters of "A Fool There Was" are as much the playthings of the dramatist's caprice as a group of pasteboard marionettes. With the production of the play little or no serious fault may be found. Mr. Robert Hilliard acts graphically and so far as the dramatist will permit him, convincingly. The woman as portrayed by Miss Edna Conroy is beautiful enough to command devotion but her power as an actress falls short of the demands made upon her. Her attempt at Satanic laughter never touches the right note and is hollow and unconvincing. Miss Nanette Comstock, usually charming, is merely a stick in the role of the wife and her utterance is very indistinct. Mr. William Flynn Courtleigh, a Canadian, makes a real success of the role of faithful friend. He is genial, masculine, and debonair, and performs the salutary "stunt" of thrashing his drunken friend with alacrity. Two very brief "bits" are admirably done. One is the little speech of the steward who is concealing traces of the suicide, by Mr. Fred Nicholls, and the other is the scene of the secretary in the last act, played by Mr. S. K. Walker.

* * *

"HAVANA," which one gathers is the combined product of Sam S. and Lee Schubert, George Edwardes, Leslie Stuart, Ned Wayburn, George Grossmith, Jr., Graham Hill, Adrian Ross, George Arthur and James T. Powers, is an entertainment which cheers but does not inebriate. It keeps one pleasantly titillated throughout the evening and sends one home with the sensation of an evening pleasantly, and therefore not unprofitably, spent, but with no especial memories to fall back upon. Among the mass of geniuses whose talents have gone to its making, I select Mr. Leslie Stuart as probably the chief contributor to the night's pleasure. His score has no episode that may be described as out-standing ("out-standing" is, I believe, the popular word just now in Canadian Club circles) but it is good all through. That it is reminiscent is a matter of small consequence. There is nothing cheap or hectic about it. It is charmingly orchestrated and there is an almost continuous flow of light and attractive melody and as befits the Cuban atmosphere, genuine Spanish themes are largely used. What gives the entertainment its particular charm is the fact that most of the action is done rhythmically too flowing accompaniment. This gives the piece the true atmosphere of operetta and the libretto, while no marvel of lucidity, is rather better than the average. The burden of the piece falls on James T. Powers, who, to the writer's way of thinking, has not had so good a part since he appeared in "A Runaway Girl." "How did the Birds know that?" is both in a musical and humorous sense, one of the happiest offerings in the way of a topical song that has been heard of recent years. In the excellent supporting company, Mr. Percy Ames distinguished himself as the steward of "The Wasp," and seemed to have walked out of the pages of W. W. Jacobs. Miss Edith Decker sings in a pleasant way and Miss Geraldine Malone was beautiful and vivacious, even though she could not sing. There was the usual collection of delicately pretty girls one has come to expect in a Schubert production.

First-Nighter

The Royal Alexandra Theatre will next week be given over to competitors for the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophies. The first hour of each evening will, it is understood, be given over to musical events and the latter part to the presentation of plays by amateurs. It is expected also that on the last evening the decision of the judges in the extra competition for original plays will be announced. Already thirty manuscripts are in their hands. His Excellency will be personally present at these performances which will be in order as follows:

Monday—"Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats. Associate Players of the Margaret Eaton School.

Tuesday—"The Cricket on the Hearth," by Charles Dickens. The Dickens Fellowship.

Wednesday—"A Little Leaven," by Miss Catharine Merritt. Miss Catharine Merritt's Company.

Thursday—"A Country Mouse," by Arthur Law. Toronto Associate Players.

Friday—"The Bells," by Leopold Lewis. The Montreal Thespians.

Saturday—"Jack Straw," by W. Somerset Maugham. The London Dramatic Company.

* * *

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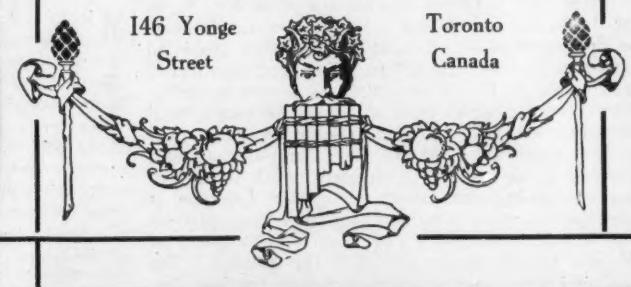
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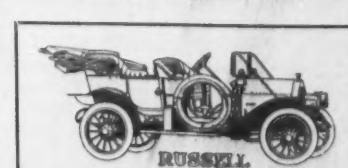
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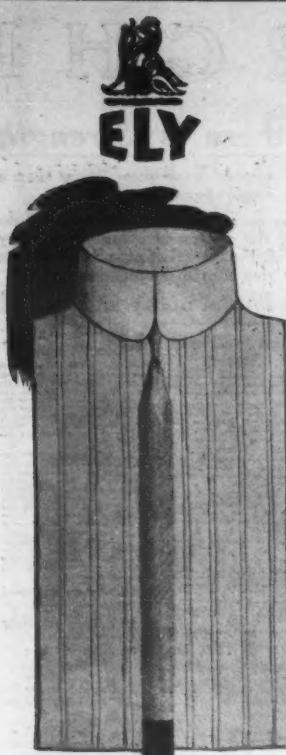


ental robes, who reads the thoughts of those about him and tells of the wonderful things he has done in India, is the central figure of Chas. Rann Kennedy's celebrated play, "The Servant in the House," which Henry Miller is sending to this city for a week's engagement at the Princess theatre beginning Monday night.

This remarkable drama hardly needs an introduction to Toronto theatre-goers after the reputation it won for itself when seen here last season.

Before the play has ended everyone in the audience realizes that the mystical Bishop of Benares, disguised as a butler is in reality a

(Concluded on page 14.)

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Men's Wear

IN neckwear many beautiful shades, some never seen before in the spectrum of men's regalia, are launched this season. Many rich pastel tones are shown, and the variety of color is so great that no one color can be pointed out as the predominating shade of the season. The edicts approve Hunter's reseda, French and olive in the greens; then there are dark tans, stone blues, Atlantic and peacock blues, helio and old rose. Some of the very ultra new shades are viola; a new shade of pale helio, bullrush; a pale sea-green mignonette, mallard grey, royal blue, delft blue, pompadour rose, Rose du Barry, cygnet grey and neopel.

The popular shades in the neckwear this season are the four-in-hands, Ascots, once-overs, de Joinville and narrow strings. The texture effects include two-tone color treatments in silk stripes, twills and armure ground weaves, swivel cords, broche bengalines and moires. There are also many taffetas shown, both in solid colors and in conventional designs. Panel effects in pastel shades are well represented.

STriped effects in unsheared textures are the dominant note of fashion in fancy waistcoats this season. It is not clearly defined as to what color schemes shall be chosen in these materials, as this must be left to your own judgment as to the fitness of things. The color schemes of the suits that you are going to wear the waistcoats with must be taken into consideration and effects that contrast well or harmonize artistically with them must guide your choice. If you are in



The proper overcoat for evening wear in the Summer.

doubt as to the proprieties in this matter, the judgment of your tailor or haberdasher should be solicited. As to the details of cut in the fancy waistcoats, we need but say that they are the same as described for vests in the article on suit fashions that will be found upon a preceding page.

WHILE referring to vests, the popularity of the white vest slip must be noted, for it figures prominently in the dress of the King, the Prince of Wales, and many others who pay proper attention to dress. It has a very dressy effect, and will be more worn than ever during the coming spring and summer.

The fancy vest is not now so popular as it was, the wonderful specimens shown in the windows of some of the London tailors do not represent the taste of the English gentleman. The fancy vest that finds favor at the present time is a very neat and quiet garment, being made up from some small figured design, and finished with the neatest possible edge. The buttons used are often supplied by the jeweller, and have gold rims and jewelled centres, and are sometimes very beautiful.

The fact that the vest is a good deal more in evidence than was formerly the case will, doubtless, account for the tendency there is to avoid all aggressive styles in materials, and to make it a refined example of English taste.

The rain-coat is an overgarment that has come to stay, and its popularity is rapidly increasing. It has taken the place of the old mackintosh, being healthier and smarter in appearance. It is capable of resisting several hours of steady rain, and yet is sufficiently porous to allow the fullest ventilation.

The cloth generally used has a fine



The latest in evening suits, as seen recently in London. Note the shawl collar and the exaggerated points of the vest.

twill design on it, but this is varied by the introduction of a herring-bone pattern; it is made in various shades of drabs, green, and greys, and is invariably light in weight.

The half-belted jacket is rapidly growing in popularity with the University men at Oxford and Cambridge, where it serves as a sort of combination sporting and study jacket, and certainly makes an excellent *negligee* garment that combines comfort and style. It is usually made from light tweed of a drab color, having very little pattern on it. The back is made up just like an ordinary lounge, with the exception of the belt, which draws in the back at the waist sufficiently to form several pleats or to provide a good deal of fulness above and below.

SEVERAL weeks ago one of the smart furnishing shops in Fifth avenue had an exhibition of stocks for wear with dinner suits, says a writer in *Man's Book*. They were made of black satin and were designed to be used with the military band collar. They were, of course, similar in design to the outing stocks that one is accustomed to associate with golfing, except that they were made of satin and tied into a batwing bow. There are many things of this kind, however, that are so essentially "different" that one is not surprised to see in a shop window, but which one hardly expects to see in actual use. The principal objection to this form of neckwear would seem to be its height in the back, because the stock crosses in the back it is quite as high as in the front and covers the collar entirely except for about a quarter of an inch. The effect of this black band sticking up above the collar of the coat is very ugly indeed, but if one can always face one's "audience" these stocks are not at all ugly things. They look delightfully old-fashioned, though somewhat negligé. They are, however, extremely conspicuous and will probably be avoided by most men on this account. These stocks now come in white pique of the most elaborate design, for wear with full

with the advent of the mid-summer days. The materials chiefly employed in these are fine French flannels, silk and linen mixtures, crepe China, Shanghai, pongee, habutai and Jap silks. These shirts all have the roll collar, patch pockets, French or turn-back cuffs, and are usually enhanced by artistic monograms. The stiff bosom shirts and negligés in madras, percales, cheviots and cambrials will by no means be neglected and are shown in some very rich patterning effects.

Oxford basket weaves are also very fashionable and promise great popularity. As to patterns, stripes of the more subdued tone have the preference over the bold stripes in vogue last spring. This season there are also shown many cross bar effects. Black and white treatments in modest stripes are quite the thing. Other effects that are well placed in the season's edicts are blue and white stripes, pink and white stripes, lavender, green, brown, and tan tones. Red is a novelty feature of the season, and promises to become a favorite.



RIDING VEST.
An English riding vest of Tattersall design. Note the notches in the opening.

dress. They are even handsomer than the black ones, but are open to the same criticism. They look so extremely hideous and outre looming up behind the collar of the cloth coat.

THE lower points of the evening waistcoat in London are growing longer, following in tendency the cut of the ordinary day waistcoat. In the illustration shown herewith, it will be noticed that these points are very long and sharp, and that the space between the points is rather small. Four buttons, a great many of gilt, are still the proper thing, and it seems to be a matter of taste altogether as to the amount of shirt front that these waistcoats show. Some display a wide expanse of shirt, and others cut with a natural V show little stiff linen. The ultra-fashionable young men are wearing a waist-coat without a collar or lapel to it at all. This is cut rather full and wide, and the edges of the vest do not show beyond the lapels of the coat, as do many of the new V-shaped vests.

WHEN you get your spring suits be very careful to see that they do not wrinkle under the collar in the back. It is discouraging to see how many men there are wearing coats that have too much cloth in the back and which, therefore, have an ugly break in the midst of the back, just above the shoulder blades. Also do not have the collars of your coats cut too dreadfully high. They look very well, perhaps, when you are standing upright like a fashion plate, but when you sit down they immediately ride up over your linen collar and lose themselves in your hair. The effect is very bad indeed. And it does not improve the look of the coat collar, either.

THERE is a decided tendency to give the pleated bosom shirts the utmost prominence this season. These are shown in knife pleats, double pleats or in the finer varieties in cluster or French pleats. Soft materials are also extremely fashionable and will be even more so



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ANECDOTAL

THE London Daily Mail is responsible for the following:—A life-long total abstainer and non-smoker, Professor Goldwin Smith relates a quaint experience he once had while lecturing to a number of school children on the subject of temperance.

He had arrived at his oration, and he was describing a certain little boy who played truant instead of going to school, went fishing on Sunday, ran away from home, and learnt to drink, smoke, and play cards,

open and a little Irishman rushed in, flung his coat on the floor, threw his hat beside it, and, jumping on them, yelled in a high voice quivering with rage:

"Which one of ye beat up poor Pat Murphy?"

The big Irishman in the red shirt tapped his chest. "Twas me!" he bellowed hoarsely.

The little Irishman whirled round. "Gee!" he piped. "Ye did him up foine."

SIR FRANCIS BURNAND, the late editor of Punch, was requested one night in company to make a pun extempore.

"Upon what subject?" asked Burnand.

"The King," was suggested.

"Oh, Sir," he replied, "the King is no subject."

SAMUEL GOMPERS, at a recent convention in Washington, of the Civic Federation said of children: "Children should be protected from wage slavery, for, when free as air, they have enough trouble dear knows. Walking along an East Side street, I came on two tiny tots, the smaller of whom was bawling as if to break his lungs. A window opened and a little girl shrieked:

"Tommy, whose been a-hittin' of ye?"

"Nobody's been a-hittin' of him," the larger tot answered. "He's swallowed a worm."

THE driver of a brewery wagon stopped at a restaurant where he delivered beer and prepared to water his horses, says the New York Sun. He had filled a pail from a street hydrant and was about to offer it to the near horse when the command "Put that down!" caused him to drop the bucket with a splash. Then a woman plunged a thermometer into the water.

"Too cold by several degrees," she said. "Get a pail of hot water from the restaurant."

The driver mumbled "What for?" but he was awed by the woman's commanding manner and he fetched the hot water as directed.

"Now," she said, "pour hot water into that pail until it registers about 57 degrees. Then water your horses. It is cruel to make a horse drink water colder than that, and every member of the S. P. C. A. that I have any influence with is going to keep an eye on you drivers and see that you temper the water you give to your horses."

ANOTHER story of Bjornson is told by his biographer, Colin Bjornson had just finished his "Synnove Solbakken," the most beautiful of his peasant novels, and was anxious to try the effect of it on his friends, but the weather was very hot and everybody excused himself. At last a victim was found in a Dr. Kahrs, who stipulated that he should be provided with plenty of cold punch and the biggest bowled pipe that could be procured.

Off they went to Bjornson's lodgings. Kahrs stretched himself out on his host's bed, had the table with the cold punch on it put within reach and lighted the pipe. Then

THREE conceited young wits, as they imagined themselves to be, met a venerable Jewish Rabbi on University street the other day.

"Good morning, Father Abraham," said the first.

"Good morning, Father Isaac," said the second.

"Good morning, Father Jacob," said the last.

"I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob," replied the old gentleman, "but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo, I have found them."

DOWN on the west side of New York there's a longshore saloon where they set up a huge schooner for five cents. When six o'clock blows the place is thronged by the thirsty, fortifying themselves for the long walk home. One night a huge Irishman in a red flannel shirt, open at the brawny chest and rolled up over swelling biceps, stood in the crowd and tapped his nickel on the bar. Just as the barkeeper set out the schooner the swing door burst

Golfer: "I can't get the thing out, and I've hit hard enough!" Superior Caddie: "Ah, sir! It's not force wot's needed. It's intellect." —Punch.

the operation began. Bjornson read and listened greedily for some sound of praise, but the patient lay limp, cool and silent.

"Not a sound from that quarter," says Colin, "not even a grunt. Bjornson read on and on, got nervous and uneasy, began to perspire, glanced now and again at his friend, fearing he had dropped off, but one cloud of smoke after the other convinced him that there was nothing wrong in that direction.

"Bjornson neared the end of the novel with a vivid feeling that he had suffered a defeat. When the end was reached Kahrs rose from the bed, began to dress meditatively, emptied the last glass of punch and burst out: "The devil damn me black! It's the best thing I ever heard in my life!"

A SCOTCHMAN and his wife were coming from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose, and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"O, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afeared o' dein', but I dinna care to deat at sea."

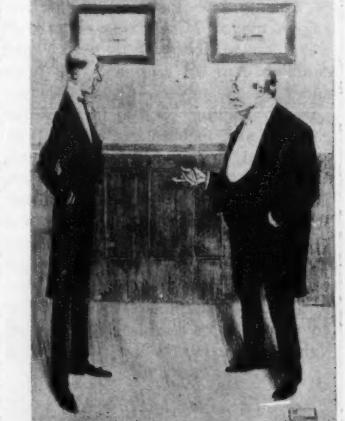
"Dinna think o' deein' yet," answered Sandy, "but when ye do, ye'd better be drowned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife.

"Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouldna cost sae muckle to bury."

ONE desk in the White House at Washington is interesting in itself, apart from its connection with the ruler of the nation, inasmuch as it is a token of the good-will subsisting between two peoples. Although occupying so prominent a place in the official residence of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, it is not of American manufacture.

It was made in England and was



Bore: "That impudent fellow Brown offered me a hundred pounds to resign my membership of the club. What would you advise me to do?" Jollyboy: "Hang on a bit—you'll get more!!"

a present from Queen Victoria to a former President. It was constructed from the timbers of H.M.S. Resolute, which was sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice and had to be abandoned. It was not destined to go to pieces in frozen waters, however. An American whaler discovered and extricated it in 1855, and it was subsequently purchased and sent to the Queen by the President and people of the United States as a token of good-will and friendship.

In an English dockyard the Resolute was at last broken up, and from her timbers a desk was made, which was sent by Her Majesty "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute."

RICHARD WATSON GILDER had a dry wit of his own. He once received a call from a young woman who wished to secure material for an article of 3,000 words on "Young Women in Literature." "It was a fetching subject, full of meat," explained the young woman afterward, "and I saw not only 3,000 words in the story, but at least 6,000. But I never got any further than the first question. Mr. Gilder's answer took the very life out of me. I asked him: 'Now, Mr. Gilder, what would you say was the first, the chief, the all-essential requisite for a young woman entering the literary field?' I waited with bated breath, when he answered: 'Postage stamps.'"

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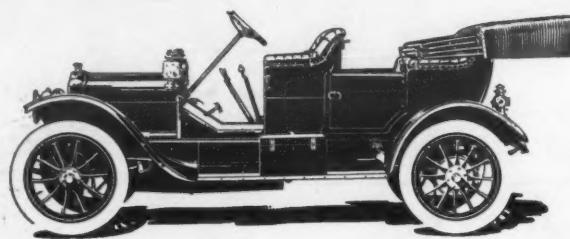
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The White is the only gasoline car built in North America which has received the indorsement of foreign critics, and it is the only American gasoline car in demand in Europe. Below are given some typical comments by the leading English technical writers:

From the *WESTMINSTER GAZETTE*

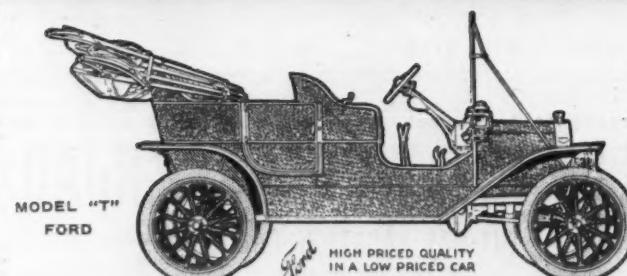
"The new 20-30-h.p. 'White' petrol chassis conforms in every detail to European requirements, and the whole presents an aspect of clever design and good workmanship, just the kind of car in fact one would expect to emanate from the large and splendidly equipped works of the 'White' in Cleveland, Ohio."

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The Ford Motor Company
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(Continued from page 10.)
symbolical reincarnation of the Christ.

"The Servant in the House" was first produced two years ago in Washington. The critics of that city were as one in declaring the next day that Henry Miller had found a masterpiece. The play was moved from the national capitol to New York and caused a split in critical circles. It will be seen in Toronto with the Henry Miller Associate Players, the New York company, headed by Tyrone Power and including George W. Wilson, Wilfred Roger, Edith Crane, David Glassford, Jessie Glendinning and Harold de Becker.

William Faversham and his company of two hundred people will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra week of April 11th, in his spectacular production of Stephen Phillips' "Herod." Mr. Faversham will be supported by the same company in all respects that he was seen with at the Lyric Theatre, New York. So clever a writer as Channing Pollock lately said that "much as he admired the play when he read it, he had no idea that there was so much that was purely dramatic in the story." This has been one of the surprises to all who read the play and then saw it staged.

Henry W. Savage is producing "The Love Cure" in the same generous manner as he did "The Merry Widow." When this musical romance comes to the Princess theatre on April 11, 12, and 13, with Wednesday matinee, local theatregoers will have the pleasure of hearing the specially organized "Love Cure" orchestra under the leadership of Gustav Hinrichs. This orchestra is of grand opera dimensions and quality and is the largest carried by any company except Mr. Savage's most important "Merry Widow," and it is equal to that. For this reason the dainty score of Herr Edmund Eysler will have a fine interpretation here.

The same splendid company which appeared in "Sham" with Henrietta Crosman, during her run of six months at Wallack's theatre, on Broadway; Powers' theatre, Chicago; the Garrick theatre, Philadelphia and the Hollis theatre, in Boston, will appear with her during her engagement at the Princess, on April 14, 15 and 16. That is why the engagements of Miss Crosman are always looked forward to with every confidence of an enjoyable performance, for she never weakens her support on leaving New York. In the cast are such people as Charles Walcott, Paul Dickey, Albert Brown, Henry Bergman, Frank Jamison, Marguerite St. John, Ida Waterman, Emma Butler, Gertrude Clemons and others. "Sham" is a modern comedy entirely different from any other plays in which this star has previously appeared, and has been pronounced the most enjoyable play this delightful comedienne has ever offered.

Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe are now in the fifth year of their combined stellar association. Their tour will continue until June, and only the large cities of the country will be visited for a few performances. Fortunately, Toronto is one of the cities on their list and they will appear here during the present month. Their repertoire consists entirely of Shakespearean drama, including Romeo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew, Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice, and As You Like It. They will also be seen for the first time in Macbeth, for which they have arranged an elaborate presentation. Their large organization includes many well-known actors.

Heading an all-star bill at Shea's Theatre next week, Manager Shea will present "The Palace Girls," assisted by James Clemons. This act is direct from the Palace Theatre, London, and the eight girls are wonderful dancers. Other features will be "Slivers" assisted by Artie Hall in the original pantomime "At the Ball Game." Miss Willette Whittaker and F. Bilbury Hill, Laddie Cliff, Spalding and Riego Trapeze comedians and the Kinematograph.

Next week at the Gayety theatre, the "Jersey Lillies," Musical extravaganza Co., will be the attraction. "A Merry Frolic" is the opening piece. The vaudeville leaders will be James and Lucia Cooper, in songs and funny sayings; Fannie Vedder and the National Four; Matt Taylor in trick bag punching; Robt. Jackson, James and Prior, Stella Chatelaine, Mackey and Croix, Travesty Artists and the Three Alvatetas, acrobats. The closing piece is entitled, "A Love Potion."

TORONTO, March 31st, 1910.

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On April the first, eighteen hundred and seventy, he entered the employ of Messrs. George Chaffey & Bro., and ever since that time it has been his pleasure to supply the requirements in fuel of a large proportion of his fellow-citizens.

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departure for Los Angeles, California.
Mr. C. H. Westwood presided.

Mr. W. H. Williamson, late of the
Kleinert Rubber Co. was tendered a
banquet at the Ontario Club on Mon-
day last by a few of his friends and
business associates on the eve of his

Mr. Haldane, to prove that the
loading of cordite cartridges at
Woolwich was safe, told a trade un-
ion delegation that he used to have
a walking stick made of cordite.



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BOOKS

"The Old Wives' Tale," A Novel of Life, by Arnold Bennett. Published by McLeod & Allen.

IT is the hope of coming across a work of genius and the occasional—very occasional—realization of that hope, which makes the life of the reviewer tolerable. Hope springs eternal, and the poor wretch who is condemned for his sins or those of his forebears to read the daily output of fiction and poetry somehow or other manages to keep alive the confidence that the next book is the one which is going to delight him and reward him for the weary travail of going through the others. And not even ten thousand disappointments can altogether disillusion him. That they don't, is due very



J. J. JUSSERAND.

The French Ambassador to the United States, who has just published an elaborate and valuable work on English literature, "The Literary History of the English People."

largely to the fact that now and then there comes to him such a book as "The Old Wives' Tale."

In this "novel of life" Mr. Arnold Bennett has written a piece of fiction which is worthy of the best traditions of the best Victorian craftsmanship. And it is based on these ancient and well proven methods, though the spirit is entirely modern. It is a discursive tale, full of fine character portrayal, instinct with luminous wisdom and wide knowledge of life, and written with the hand of a brilliant and conscientious literary artist, who feels intensely the fine passion for the fitting word. The story wanders at its own sweet will, but its power is such and the vividness of its telling, that the reader's interest grows with every page. If he lays it down willingly, it is merely to reflect on some of the deep, though often melancholy wisdom with which it is filled.

The plot itself is an extremely simple one, in which few characters are involved. But what living personalities they are, how superbly drawn, and how greatly typical! The author takes up a middle-class tradesman's family in Bursley, one of the Five Towns of Shropshire, about the time of the American Civil War. There is an invalid father, a mother, and two daughters. The book is divided into four sections of nearly equal length. The first deals with the mother, the death of the father, the elopement of one of the daughters, and the marriage of the other. And it ends as the mother leaves the house to take up her residence with a widowed sister, thus making way for her daughter and the shop-keeper's assistant whom she had married.

The second section deals with this daughter, the birth of her boy and the tragedy which led to her husband's death. The third part of the story takes up the fortunes of the other daughter, Sophia, who had run off with a scoundrel. She forced him to marry her, but he deserted her in Paris, leaving her ill with typhoid fever in the great-hearted charity of two—well, two ladies of doubtful antecedents and profession. She recovers and finally establishes a famous boarding house for English visitors to Paris. The fourth and last section of the book, "What Life is," gathers together the scattered threads of the story, unites the sisters, and brings them both to the end of their careers.

It will thus be seen that the elements of the story are of the simplest, but these sketchy outlines are filled with a mass of effective detail and a richness of coloring, of which no synopsis can give any idea. The book is one which must be read, read carefully, and read reverently as one would look on the great problems of life. It is not a book of plot or action, where one is hurried breathlessly from incident to incident and from situation to situation. But it is a novel of wisdom and of life, where one gets only in proportion to what one brings. Not that it is without striking and dramatic situations, for it possesses an abundance of them. But its main inter-

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Mollycoddles and Red Bloods.

In his discovery of America, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has come across the mollycoddle and taken him very seriously. He brings the mollycoddle into contrast with the Red-blood as the two types of human character, and points out their respective functions in civilization, in one of the letters from America now appearing in the English Review. Mr. Dickinson does not like the Red-blood. So much is evident: "Mr. Roosevelt himself is a typical Red-blood; so was Bismarck; so was Cecil Rhodes; so is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. On the other hand, typical mollycoddles were Socrates, Voltaire and Shelley." The Red-blood acts; the mollycoddle speculates. The mollycoddle sometimes acts, and acts efficiently. But he acts from principle, not from instinct of action, like his sanguine brother. In greater detail we have this distinction between the two; and first the Red-blood:

You will find him everywhere in all the prominent positions. In a military age he is a soldier; in a commercial age, a business man. He hates his enemies, and he may love his friends, but he does not require friends to love. A wife and children he does require, for the instinct to propagate the race is as strong in him as all other instincts. His domestic life, however, is not always happy; for he can never understand his wife. This is part of his general incapacity to understand any point of view but his own. He is incapable of an idea, and contemptuous of a principle. He is the Samson, the blind force, dearest to Nature of her children. He neither looks back nor looks ahead. He lives in present action. And when he can no longer act, he loses his reason for existence. The Red-blood is happiest if he dies in the prime of life; otherwise, he may easily end with suicide. For he has no inner life, and when the outer life fails, he can only fail with it. The instinct which animated him dead, he dies, too. Nature, who has blown through him, blows elsewhere. His stops are dumb; he is dead wood on the shore.

The Mollycoddle, or course, is everything opposite:

The Mollycoddle, on the other hand, is all inner life. He may indeed act, as I said, but he acts, so to speak, by accident; just as the Red-blood may reflect, but reflects by accident. The Mollycoddle in action is the Crank; it is he who accomplishes reforms; who abolished slavery, for example, and reformed prisons and lunatic asylums. Still, primarily, the Mollycoddle is a critic, not a man of action. He challenges all standards and all facts. If an institution is established, that is the reason why he will not accept it; if an idea is current, that is a reason why he should repudiate it. He questions everything, including life and the universe. And for that reason nature hates him. On the Red-blood she heaps her favors; she gives him a good digestion, a clear complexion, and sound nerves. But to the Mollycoddle she apportions dyspepsia and black bile. In the universe and in society the Mollycoddle is "out of it" as inevitably as the Red-blood is "in it." At school, he is a "smug" or a "swat," while the Red-blood is captain of the eleven. At college, he is an "intellectual," while the Red-blood is in the "best set." In the world, he courts failure, while the Red-blood achieves success.

the Times found room for an occasional article on neutral topics. And regularly each Thursday we are given our weekly feast on the Times literary supplement. Who writes the articles and reviews in that admirable paper? I doubt that many people could name them. Dr. Nicoll of the Bookman might, so might Shorter of the Sphere; but I have known even those sapient ones to blunder. There was a paper, for instance, in last week's issue making a Plutarchian estimate of the literary qualities of Leslie Stephen and Walter Gagehot—a paper so excellent in point of style and criticism that John Morley might have written it. Did Morley write it? I wish I could say. Then that essay on Boccaccio in this week's number, so informed and illuminative, such an oasis in the political waste; who wrote that? Did George Saintsbury? I shouldn't wonder if he did. And those occasional papers on books and men, touched lightly with anecdote, graceful, wistful sometimes, coming at last to a dying fall—those papers on Meredith, for example, and Pater—did Mr. Benson write those? I think so. Does Edmund Gosse, now librarian to the House of Lords, write the reviews of French books? I think so. Does E. V. Lucas contribute appreciations of old cricketers, old sentimentalists, old poets? Yes, I am sure he does. But it is all guessing more or less. The best work in English criticism is anonymous. And so long as the work offered last week in the Times supplement maintains its present standard we need not fret curiously to identify its makers.—London Correspondence of Chicago Evening Post.

WHEN GOING TO NEW YORK TRAVEL VIA THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE.

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Rita (looking at photo)—"Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, but he's an awful bounder."

Stella—"What did he do?"

Rita—"Didn't I tell you? He made an awful fuss with me one season, and then asked me if I thought that dad would object to him as a son-in-law. I said no, I thought not, and he went away and proposed to my sister."—Illustrated Bits.

The professional point of view is rarely that of the humanitarian. A passenger on a London omnibus calls out to the conductor:

"'Ere, there! Whoa! There's an old chap fallen off this 'bus!"

"All right," responds the conductor cheerfully. "'E's paid his fare!"—London Sketch.

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•THE OTHER PAGE•

MOST people prefer to see their future life partners before finally deciding to commit themselves to the matrimonial yoke—at least that is customary in most western countries. Trusting to a photograph or a portrait is a little risky if a man wants a good looking wife, and instances have been known where the artist did a would-be bridegroom a friendly turn and made him handsomer than Nature had intended. There are so many things which help to make matrimony a less comfortable state than it should be, that it is wise to start under the very best auspices; otherwise there are sure to be more difficulties than are absolutely and strictly necessary.

Very often, however, it happens among the pioneers or their immediate successors that they find themselves in a country where brides are not to be had for the asking, and the superfluous woman does not exist. Such a case turned up the other day when John Dittmar, a former cowboy of North Dakota put a finishing touch to a pretty romance when he claimed his bride at Ellis Island, New York. Out in the wilds where he had long made his home, Dittmar was unable to find a suitable wife and in writing to his mother who was always urging him to marry he told her to find him a wife in Germany as there were none to be had where he lived. Promptly he received by return mail the photograph of a pretty young fraulein, and the face so quickly caught his fancy that he sent the original money to pay her passage. On her arrival in America he met her and shortly after the steamer had docked they were married.

This sort of marriage without courtship is something most girls, whatever their degree, would not care for, but the chances are that in the long run the marriage will turn out as happily as many others which have been preluded by the formal introductions, engagement teas, "showers" and all the other things which go towards making up the life of a girl once she meets the man who is to be her ultimate choice. After all the best foundation for a happy marriage is a determination to be happy. Life is pretty much what one makes it, and if a little German fraulein can't be happy when she becomes a frau, simply because she has no courtship days to look back upon, the chances are she wouldn't be happy anyway. Lots of old adages are wrong and fail to work out when applied to a test case, and perhaps the falsehood of all is that which concerns marrying in haste and doing one's repentence at leisure. The hurry has nothing to do with the matter, it's the spirit one brings to bear upon it afterwards that counts.

PARIS got in trouble over the awarding of the apple and since then many another man has found himself in hot water when he was obliged to award the prize of beauty. Seldom however, is it that a whole country is upset by the charms of a woman yet if one may believe all one hears this has lately been the case in the Dominican Republic. A lovely Syrian girl was proposed as Queen of the fêtes held at the second largest city of the Republic. Unfortunately the lady was an alien and the suggestion that she should be a candidate for the position of Queen of Beauty disrupted the country and divided the people into two factions, one for and one against her. By the time the Republic was on the verge of a comic opera revolution the President managed to establish peace by suggesting that there should be two Queens of whom one should be the Syrian and the other a lovely Spanish girl. This arrangement made for peace but there are still said to be mutterings of war, and anyone who knows that delightful country will well believe that given the slightest pretext for war, a war there is sure to be.

There is no doubt that a woman's chief weapon is her good looks. Intellect is well worth having, and so, of course, are any number of other things which go to make up the best type of woman, but let a girl be plain and she finds it difficult to obtain a hearing no matter how clever she may be. On the other hand, let her be the possessor of fine eyes and a creamy complexion, and she finds every door open to her. Perhaps in the long run she may not make good to the same extent as her clever sister, but she gets the chance that is often denied the other. Given a combination of beauty and brains and there is no reason why a woman who wants to should not have her world at her feet. Unfortunately for the remarkably pretty woman she is so satisfied with what her good looks bring her that she neglects to make herself pleasant and agreeable and depends entirely upon her beauty for her popularity. This works all very well for a while, but it does not make for a lasting popularity and given time enough the plain and brainy girl with the pleasant manner wins in the long run. Fortunately for the rest of the world, women who are both clever and beautiful are rather rare and so others of their sex get a "look in" which otherwise would be an impossibility.

NOW Chicago is to have police women—not in uniform—dear me, no, just police women who will wear the very best they can afford and then perhaps some. They are to be "special policemen" and are to have very special duties, their work on the force consisting of trying to enforce the ordinance against expectoration in the streets. The members of the special police force will be club women and the rather novel step of organizing them was undertaken after a series of conferences between the Chicago chief of police, the health commissioner, and Mrs. Henderson chairman of the cities committee of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

Cards bearing the full text of the ordinance and the line in display type, "This will be enforced by the department of police" will be distributed among the members of clubs affiliated with the Federation numbering in all about 10,000 women. The women to whom the cards are given will be instructed to carry them with them wherever they happen to be in the city. As a result, it is hoped that the streets of Chicago will be kept clean in future.

Of course the idea is an experiment, and may not turn out as satisfactorily as is expected, but anything that has as worthy an object in view is deserving of a thorough trial. There is nothing more disgusting than the habit of expectorating on the street, a practice which is not only an offence to the eye, but a menace to

the health, and one which unfortunately is all too prevalent in the city of Toronto. If the women of Chicago succeed in putting a stop to the practice in their city they will deserve most hearty congratulations, and it is to be hoped that in the event of their succeeding, a similar movement will be put on foot in Canadian as well as American cities.

MONEY, desirable as it is, is only good for what one can get out of it for oneself and others. It was never meant to be hoarded and collected and locked away as if it would grow by standing still. Money was meant to be put into circulation, not to be tucked away in a stocking-foot or its equivalent and simply saved for the sake of saving. Yet there are people in this world who love a silver dollar because it is round and shiny and green-backs because they can easily be stowed away: people to whom the glitter of a gold piece means more than the most entrancing music, the finest book, or the greatest picture. People in fact who love money simply for its own sake and without any realization of what it stands for.

Of course there are those who having suffered from

to save, and now in her old age has nothing left but her money and the knowledge that she has to leave it. There must be some hidden attraction that the average mind cannot fathom, in this mad desire to hoard money for its own sake. Yet in itself it is unlovely and can have no artistic hold on the imagination. One can comprehend the joy that a collector must take in gathering about him beautiful pictures and statuary, wonderful books, or glowing jewels, but money—simply for its own sake and without a view to using it—seems the last thing on earth that could appeal to a well balanced mind.

JEALOUSY is a bad thing to give way to especially when the paroxysms result in a desire to do bodily harm to one's rival. Time was when the primitive woman was able to openly fight her battles when her lord and master was laid seige to by another. Now, when such circumstances arise the average woman merely summons her dignity to her aid, and no matter what she may do and say in private she keeps the public from knowing that she has noticed anything amiss. To ignore such things—if one cannot put a stop to them—is the correct procedure at present, but jealousy burns just as fiercely as if it were not repressed and the natural instinct to get out and fight for her rights comes perilously near asserting itself when a woman sees her happiness threatened.

Of course there are women who think a dead rival much less harmful than a living one, and are willing to prove their view by seeing to it that death intervenes at a timely moment. In ages past all sorts of

over and over again that provided the younger generation was educated to take an interest in the matter the game would soon be won.

Whether this is the spirit that animates the girls of the Curtis High School on Staten Island it is hard to say, but whatever their motive they have succeeded in meeting and beating the boys of the school on their own ground. The beginning of the story goes back something over a year ago, when the boys were uncommonly proud of their rifle shooting and altogether jeered at the idea of competing with the girls, who were also taking an interest in target practice. When the girls heard the poor opinion in which their marksmanship was held by the boys, they made up their minds to prove that they were fully their equals in the matter, and their determination was voiced by the captain of their team, Miss Helen Crandall, who said that within a year they would not only show the boys that they knew how to shoot, but would beat them. Immediately after issuing their decision in the matter, the girls set to work and practiced most assiduously, and when a twelvemonth had slipped by, they challenged the boys. The boys themselves would gladly have escaped, but there was no possibility, and the other day the match was shot under the supervision of an instructor, the girls winning all along the line.

One of the amusing things about the result was the fact that the boys had confidently expected that the girls would be too nervous to do themselves justice, but the reverse proved to be the case, and while the girls were cool and unconcerned, their competitors were so nervous that they were quite unable to do their best.

All sorts of theories about the superiority of man are being upset nowadays, but when the school girl jumps in and asserts her superiority over her brothers, it certainly does look as if the time might come when it would be recognized that women are just as good as men in other pursuit than that of home-making.

LOVE causes many tragedies and fortunately is also responsible for a great deal of the comedy of life. At home and abroad man's susceptibility to the tender passion has a habit of getting him into difficulties of various sorts, yet in his heart many a man believes in the adage that "a young man married is a young man married," and puts up a good fight with himself before finally making up his mind that matrimony is better than the state of single blessedness.

Occasionally things don't pan out well, and one sometimes hears tragic stories of the devotion shown by women of an Eastern race for the white men whom they look upon as husbands. The sad story of "Madame Butterly," if not often re-enacted, is largely owing to the fact that the little Oriental women believe in fate too strongly to assert themselves. There are still "Lieutenant Pinkertons" in real life.

An interesting story in which the love of a white man for a Filipino girl almost wrecked his life comes from California, where a non-commissioned officer in the marine corps was recently dishonorably discharged from the navy. The story goes that love of a dark-eyed girl he met in the neighborhood of Manila was the cause of all his trouble. The memory of the girl seems to have been stronger with him than a sense of duty, and he deserted in order to return to her. He added to his disgrace by joining Aguinaldo's army. All this happened ten years ago.

An end was put to his career, matrimonial and otherwise, by his capture and sentence to life imprisonment. Through the efforts of his father his pardon has been secured, and he has now gone to Pittsburg to join his relatives. Life, however, cannot hold much for a man with such a record. Even in these commercial days when knights no longer go tilting to win the favor of a fair one, any man who is worth the name holds honor dearer than love. And no civilized woman—who isn't a disgrace to her sex—would tempt a man from the direct path of duty and lead him to utter destruction.

ALMOST any educated man or woman will smile in a superior fashion when the subject of fortune-telling is introduced. To judge by their manner one would naturally believe that they one and all scorned the pretensions of the seers and looked with disbelief upon their prophecies. Yet many of these very people have treasured up a hope that some little bit of the future revealed to them by a professional palmist or crystal-gazer may come true. There are people who have paid fifty cents or a dollar for the privilege of participating in a short session of two at a card-spread table, and because the person who manipulated the deck managed to hit upon something that was almost true, have been imbued with the idea that there must be "something in it" after all.

There is a vein of credulity running through most of us. The majority of people like to be fooled, and the amazing thing about it is the avidity with which they swallow any sort of bait which the charlatan may put on the hook. The ease with which people are fooled by the fortune-tellers is undoubtedly to be traced to the desire to know what the future really means. This stumbling along through a world beset with pitfalls, knowing that dangers surround one on every side, and yet being utterly lacking in the ability to discern them, is a condition that weighs heavily on the minds of many. Just one little peep into the future is all that is asked, and in the attempt to secure that one glimpse one permits oneself to be played upon by fakirs.

It is because of this desire to learn of the unseen and to discover the unknown that it is possible for the fortune-teller to flourish on the earnings of the poor, and the grifter higher up to win fortunes from the rich. The instinct to explore the future may be merely curiosity concerning what's coming, or it may arise from a better and higher impulse. But whatever its cause, the fact remains that owing to this desire to discover the undiscoverable, many are duped by those engaged in a trade in which chicanery allied to imagination brings a substantial reward.



penury in their younger days acquire the saving habit and simply put their money away in order to prevent any possibility of poverty making their old age miserable. These thrifty people have a good excuse for their habit of saving and if it is not carried too far deserve commendation for their self denial.

But there is another class, fortunately not very large, in which people save

at the risk of their own personal and mental comfort and do without the real necessities of life in order to have the satisfaction of handling the coin they have gathered.

There aren't very many misers who go to the extreme

length of endangering their lives in order to keep their

gold, but that they still exist was proved the other day in Lowell, Mass., when friends came to the rescue of

Miss M. J. Osgood. When discovered Miss Osgood

was without food and almost helpless. When it was sug-

gested, however, that she should move from her miser-

able home to a place where she would have care and at-

tention she flew into a rage and shook one of her friends

until her teeth chattered, but finally she consented to be

moved. When her home was cleared up a small fortune was discovered. Money was found tucked away in all sorts

of strange places and an examination of a lot of mildewed

rags resulted in the finding of nearly two thousand dol-

lars in coin. In a pile of rubbish were discovered deeds

that proved that Miss Osgood owned the block of houses

in which she was living. Stuffed in a ragged mattress

were bank books showing deposits amounting to thirty

thousand dollars. In all sorts of unexpected spots money

was found until a really good sized fortune was accumu-

lated.

The owner of all this money is seventy-seven years of age and she has accumulated it as the result of years of hoarding. In that time she must have deprived herself of almost all that makes life worth living in order

simple little devices were employed from that made famous by Queen Eleanor when she did the fair Rosamond to death, to the pleasant mediæval custom of accomplishing the desired end by means of a poisoned glove, bouquet or fan. In these practical days has come the introduction of the poisoned chocolate, the throwing of vitriol, and the use of the revolver, all crude methods which show none of the grace and delicacy of other days. A new custom too has grown up, that of attempting to polish off oneself instead of one's rival, and to this is owing the more or less occasional demand for laudanum, Paris green, and carbolic acid, the use of which brings many cases to the Police Courts and many bodies to the morgues.

When a woman does try to exterminate a rival she is less successful with a revolver than with any other means and for that reason the employment of such a weapon is earnestly recommended to the consideration of all wives who wish to get even. It is, of course, the best plan to use an unloaded weapon, for by that means one is sure to escape a trial for murder. If outraged honor demands something a little more noisy, blank cartridges seldom do much damage and have as fine an orchestral effect as if they were the "really truly" kind. Even when enough bullets are used the victim is pretty certain to escape with nothing much worse than a scare and this is exactly what happened the other day down in Virginia when a lady who claimed a man as her husband went gunning for another lady who believed she, too, owned him. The co-wives met on the stairs in a hotel where both were stopping and the one who claimed she had been deserted whipped out a revolver and fired three shots at close range, but didn't even succeed in nicking a bit out of her rival, let alone perforating her. Both ladies were frightened and both had hysterics. It is not recorded that their mutual husband did but if he were wise the chances are he took a fast train that speedily left Virginia far in the rear. Perhaps he, too, had learned the truth of the saying that "He who marries and runs away, will live to marry another day."

T looks as if women would soon be able to prove their equality with men now that the school girls are beginning to take a hand in the game. It has been said

madame



TORONTO SOCIETY

ON Easter Sunday afternoon Mrs. Sankey asked a few friends to tea to meet her sister, Mrs. Montizambert and Mr. Montizambert. Mrs. Montizambert is looking very well and was greeted with great pleasure. Mrs. Sankey is going to England with her two youngest children in the summer. A unique feature of the tea on Sunday was that there were just twice as many men as women at it, a great tribute to the charms of the hostess and her fair guest and daughters.

The concert in aid of the Flower and Good Cheer Mission to the Western Hospital, which was gotten up in the most energetic and successful way by Mrs. Andrew Darling and an enthusiastic band of helpers, came off with great success on Wednesday night, Conservatory Hall being filled to the doors and those taking part in the programme being received most heartily. The two monologues, which were written by Mrs. Darling for Miss Ferguson and Miss Gage were faultlessly given, the belle's chatter to her partner, as she waltzed, being particularly well done. Madame Grey Burnand who certainly is the handsomest and most graceful singer seen here for some time, sang several songs in a most artistic and finished style and was presented with beautiful flowers. Mrs. Proctor (*nee*) Kemp who is always a favorite and deserves to be, also sang two groups of songs which were a pleasure to listen to. Mrs. Darling recited "Christ and the Leper" and being encored, gave one of her original and fascinating "bird" pieces, the song of the bobolink being admirably imitated. Mr. Warren Walker sang twice, and has a delightful voice. A cello solo was very nicely played. The programme was over in good time, as the concert began very soon after eight, the first monologue being given in the distressing racket of seating a hundred late comers. The stage was prettily arranged with flowers and screens. Hon. Thomas

Crawford, the chairman of the hospital board said a few words at the close of the programme about the Flower Mission and its good work. The ushers were young ladies of the Guild, who wore shoulder sashes of pink ribbon with "Flower and Good Cheer Guild" in gold letters. The Guild and Mrs. Darling are naturally highly pleased at the huge sales of tickets at a dollar a piece, as they well may be.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson will occupy their Niagara cottage next month for the summer, and Mrs. Thompson's friends are glad to hear that she has been able to spend the past winter in Canada, without the usual trip to the South.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn are going to Baltimore, where a famous nerve specialist at Johns Hopkins Hospital will treat Mrs. Cockburn for neuritis. Major Cockburn returned to his ranch in the West some two weeks ago.

Miss Cleary, of Windsor, is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Cowan spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Munns, of 273 Poplar Plains road, announce the engagement of their second daughter, Hazel Kathleen, to Mr. Aubrey Lawrence Fullerton, B.A., of Parrsboro, Nova Scotia. The wedding will take place the latter part of May.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Squarey, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Squarey, and Mr. Sidney Charles Phillips, of Montreal.

Mrs. O'Flynn has her sister-in-law, Mrs. McKay, of Michigan, on a visit, and everyone is finding her charming. Several small bridges and teas have been given for her.

Mrs. Rickey, Huron street, is giving a bridge on Tuesday next.

Among the many beautiful costumes which the wonderful warm weather made so appropriate at the de la Cour-Hodgins wedding, perhaps the handsomest was a delicate shell pink chiffon and lace gown with soft silky burnous cloak of the same shade and stylish hat, worn by a handsome Rosedale hostess, who was very much admired.

Mrs. Jack MacKellar gave a tiny bridge on Tuesday for Mrs. McKay, a visitor in town, and Mrs. O'Flynn asked a few for tea on another day.

Mrs. Charles Boone gave a small informal bridge on Wednesday afternoon in her beautiful home in Rosedale.

Mr. Kern, who was so popular during the winter, has gone West, as an employee of the Bank of Commerce, having entered that bank some time ago.

A busy little lady is Miss Norah Warren these days, for beside the always absorbing interest of her trousseau and the acknowledgment of her many bridal gifts, she has been daily and nightly entertained by her friends, who cannot see too much of her before the ceremony which will take her across the ocean to her new home. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Miss Warren was

the guest of honour at dinners, and the bridegroom-elect arrived in time to enjoy them. Miss Birdie Warren also came out for the wedding, but will return for the London season.

Dr. and Mrs. Murray McFarlane and Miss Mary Walton are going to Atlantic City next week.

The marriage of Miss Phyllis Piper and Mr. John Sweatman will be celebrated in St. Thomas church on April 21.

The marriage of Mr. Ross and Miss Mary Clarke will be quietly celebrated on April 18.

Mrs. Campbell Macdonald had the two pretty school girls, Louise Macdonald and Ruth Smith at the concert on Wednesday evening. Mrs. George Warwick had a large party, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. W. S. Lee and Mrs. Grantham from the Alexandra, Dr. and Mrs. Price Brown, Mrs. and Miss Alicia Cartwright, Mrs. and the Misses Gage, Mrs. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were also in the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh who have spent the winter in the Alexandra are going out to their home in Mimico shortly.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee has built a summer villa in that pretty wooded property almost opposite the Woodbine. The house faces on the little lake and is somewhat secluded from the Avenue road.

Mr. John L. McLennan, R.M.C., spent Easter with his grandmother at the Prince George. Mr. Alexander McLennan, of Lancaster, was in town for Easter, with his sister, Mrs. Roderick McLennan, 115 Avenue road.

A party of Torontonians had a trying experience last month, finding themselves, on the eve of sailing, without their steamer trunks, as they neglected the usual procedure of checking them at Toronto, in the hurry and excitement of starting. Of course, they had only themselves to blame, but I hear they made record time in the shopping district at their sailing port.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Shin, of Brooklyn, N.Y., are at the Prince George.

Mrs. Mabee and her grand-daughter, Miss Mabel Mabee, left for Port Rowan on Tuesday.

Mrs. Christie, of Detroit, who has been visiting her mother and some friends here returns home to-day. I hear that she has been much entertained by old friends during her visit.

Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, entertained at tea yesterday.

Mrs. Somerville, of Atherley, will be home next week. Miss Somerville has gone to New York to meet her mother.

By the death of Mr. John Akers, a barrister of long practice in Toronto, which occurred at his residence, 447 Jarvis street, last Sunday, a worthy citizen, model husband and father and trusty friend was taken away. His death caused sorrow and regret to a large connection. The funeral was privately conducted on Tuesday afternoon.

The Kingston R.M.C. Cadets who made their dashing appearance last week for the Easter vacation have returned to College.

The visit of Their Excellencies and a large party for next week, has sent many ripples stirring. Although the Vice-regal evenings will be largely taken up with the dramatic and musical competition, several suppers are *en train*, and the committee of the competition will entertain His Excellency one evening at the Toronto Club, which will throw open its portals to ladies during the competition.

Mrs. H. C. Osborne is back from England. Mr. Osborne is having a busy time looking after the interests of the competition next week.

Professor Mustard, of Johns Hopkins University, gave a lecture (illustrated) on Thursday, on Roman remains in Southern France. The lecture was under the auspices of the Alumnae Association of University College and took place in the amphitheatre, Physics Building at eight o'clock.

The French Club produced a little play at the residence of Mr. Hume Blake, St. George street, last evening. Monsieur and Madame Balbaud and Mr. Ernest Cattanach were in the cast, with several others.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon entertained at dinner on Friday, March 25. Covers were laid for fourteen.

On Tuesday afternoon a quiet wedding was celebrated in the Church of the Messiah, when the Bishop of Niagara, assisted by Canon McNab and Rev. Cosgrave, performed the marriage ceremony, uniting Miss Gladys Sweatman, second daughter of the late Primate, and Rev. J. B. Fotheringham, M.A., of Trinity College. Mr. Jack

Sweatman brought in his sister and gave her away, and Mrs. Walton, of Kingston (Edith Sweatman) was the matron of honor. Professor Griffiths, of Trinity, was best man. Miss Sweatman wore a dainty gown of ivory messaline with lace and pearl trimming, and carried roses and lily of the valley. Mrs. Walton wore white lace, with black picture hat, and her bouquet was of pink roses. The bride and groom are spending their honeymoon across the line, and will take up house in Simpson avenue.

The Misses Hedley gave a large bridge on Easter Monday afternoon at their home, 79 St. Joseph street, when ten tables were arranged. The prizes were bridge-scoring outifts, and the game was much enjoyed. Mrs. Hedley presided at the tea-table, which was decorated with spring flowers.

Everyone is extremely sorry to hear of the unsatisfactory state of Mrs. E. B. Osler's health, and enquiries are numerous for her. Mrs. George Gibbons came down the other day from London to visit her mother, and Mrs. Bowen is also out from England. Mrs. Osler has not been strong for some time, and has been missed from her own coterie during the winter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maye Adelyne Duggan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Duggan, Sherbourne street, to Mr. Frederick Roddy. The marriage will take place in May, and will be very quiet, owing to recent bereavement in the family.

Mrs. J. M. MacKenzie-Watt, of Fergus, has been spending a few days in the city en route to Montreal, where she will visit her nephew and niece, Captain Watt Burland and Mrs. Arthur Magill, Prince Arthur street.

Mrs. H. A. Richardson, 27 Walmer road, is spending a short holiday in Dannsville, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Flemming of Halifax, will arrive in Toronto to reside about the middle of the month. Mr. Flemming has been appointed manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia here. Mrs. Flemming was born Fielding, and is a sister of Hon. W.S. Fielding, Minister of Finance for Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee and Miss Violet Lee have arrived safely in Europe, and are very much enjoying their tour. They are going into Austria and various parts along the Mediterranean.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrop were in town for Easter.

Mrs. Gordon Hoskin, of Winnipeg, is visiting her husband's people in Beaumont.

The Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Kerr were at home for Easter.

The marriage of Miss Violet Edna Boyd, daughter of Mr. David Boyd, of Ravenhurst, and Mr. William Robert Macnamara, son of Commodore Macnamara, R.N., of Orillia, will be quietly celebrated this month.

Mr. Finucane went to Atlantic City for Easter. Mr. Ernest Van Horne has gone to Egypt.

The engagement of Miss Alice Coverton, daughter of Mr. C. J. Coverton, of Montreal, and Mr. T. Bastado, of Toronto, was announced a few days ago. Those who were guests at Miss Alice Bain's wedding last October will recall the attractive personality of Miss Alice Coverton, whose sister was one of the bride's attendants. Mr. Bastado was ordered to Toronto last year, and will bring back to us some day the charming girl we admired so much last fall.

Mrs. C. C. Baines and Miss Margaret Baines are planning a tour of a year or more abroad, and will rent their pretty home in Cottingham street during their absence.

Invitations were out on Monday to the marriage of Miss Amy Breaut Saunders, daughter of Mr. Dyce Saunders, and Dr. Henry Orton Howitt, which will take place in St. Thomas church at half-past two on April 20. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at 213 Poplar Plains road.

The marriage of Miss Theresa Imogene Benson, daughter of Mrs. Edward Benson, of Lindsay, and Mr. Henry Stanfield Tims, of Chatham, Ont., will be quietly celebrated, owing to family bereavement, on Tuesday April 12.

The marriage of Miss Norah Warren and Mr. Cecil Crampton takes place next Wednesday at half-past two, in the Church of the Holy Trinity. Mrs. Ince is giving the bridal reception and dejeuner at her home, 94 Prince Arthur avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Barrick left on Saturday for a tour through the western provinces, spending part of the time with their sons in the Saskatoon district. They expect to return about the first week in October.

Dr. Bruce gave a young people's dinner on Wednesday evening.

Provost Macklem is spending some time in Bermuda.

Dr. and Mrs. James Cavan are going to England. Mrs. Prideaux, of Ottawa, and Miss Clara Rothwell have gone to England, where the latter is to be married to Mr. C. H. Kendal, of Calcutta. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch spent Easter in Washington and Atlantic City. Mrs. Arthur Cavan and Miss Maud Weir spent the Easter holidays in Chicago. Dr. and Mrs. Richard Davidson are going abroad this month. Mr. Carlton Monk and his friend, Mr. Mortimer, R.M.C. Cadets were in town for Easter, with Mr. Monk's people in Markham street.

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WALTER J. BUZBY.



MONTREAL, MARCH 31, 1910.

THE cessation from social activities in the last days of the Lenten season was observed at the vice-regal residence, where there was no entertaining during the week, until after Easter. Her Excellency Countess Grey paid kindly and interested visits to several philanthropic institutions, among them, the Protestant Orphan Asylum on the Cote des Neiges road. Lady Sybil Grey accompanied Her Excellency, Captain Fyfe in attendance; and the distinguished visitors were received by Mrs. E. B. Green-shields, first directress of the institution; Mrs. Robert Armour, the secretary; Miss Greenshields, Mrs. C. Godfrey, Mrs. Herbert Molson, and Miss McGiverin, the superintendent. One of the smallest girls had a lovely bouquet of pink roses for Her Excellency. Their Excellencies and the vice-regal household attended service at the Cathedral on Easter Sunday. On Monday evening Their Excellencies gave a dinner party, those honored by invitations being: the Archbishop of Montreal, the Bishop of Montreal and Mrs. Farthing, Senator L. O. David and Madame David, Mr. Justice and Madame St. Pierre, the Hon. W. A. Weir and Mrs. Weir, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Loranger, the Hon. P. E. Le Blanc and Madame Le Blanc, the Consul for Austria-Hungary and Comtesse de Hahn, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Paton, Dr. F. P. Walton, Dean of the Law Faculty of McGill, and Mrs. Walton; Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Archer, Dr. Donald Hindston and Mrs. Hindston, Lady Van Horne, Miss Van Horne, Lady Galt, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, Mr. William Brymner, P.R.C.A., Albe Dauth, of Laval University.

being to see her father, who has not been very well. Her brother, Dr. H. Lightstone, escorted her to New York for her concert there, and back to Montreal. She will sing here on Saturday evening, in Windsor Hall, a big slice of the proceeds to go to local charity. Her husband, a well-known baritone, is with her.

Mrs. A. D. Durnford has left for a Western trip, and will visit the Pacific coast before her return. Mrs. Durnford, who is a daughter of the late Sir A. T. Galt, and of Lady Galt, has a sister, Mrs. W. Harvey Smith, living in Winnipeg. Miss Muriel Galt is with Mrs. Durnford.

Mrs. Francis Cole and her daughter, Miss Lisette Cole, are visiting friends at St. Catharines, Ont.

The Rev. Dr. Symonds, vicar of Christ Church Cathedral, will leave for England about the end of May, for the summer. Dr. Symonds will be one of the speakers at a Missionary Congress, and will also preach in St. Margaret's, Westminster, of which church the rector, the Rev. Canon Hensley Henson, is one of his close friends. The vicar was very pleasantly surprised on Saturday afternoon, when he was invited to the residence of Mr. E. Goff Penny, one of the wardens, where he found a number of members of the congregation assembled to present him with a purse of over a thousand dollars—\$1,075, to be accurate. Mrs. Penny made the presentation on behalf of the congregation and some of the cathedral societies. Before coming to Montreal, Dr. Symonds was rector of Trinity College School, Port Hope.

At Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church the marriage of Miss Mona Vipond, daughter of Mr. William Vipond, to Mr. William Ford Brass, formerly of Hamilton, Ont., now with the Dominion Bank here, was solemnized on Thursday evening by the Rev. T. A. Halpenny. The bride, wearing a white satin gown, with bugled lace garniture, tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carrying roses and lilies, was given away by her father, and was attended by two of her cousins, Miss Maud Mullan and Miss Dewar, who were gowned in yellow satin, with yellow wreaths on their hair, and carried yellow roses and lilies of the valley. Mr. Harold Roule was best man. After dinner at the bride's home, Mr. and Mrs. Brass left for Niagara Falls, Hamilton, and Toronto, before settling in Montreal in Lorne Crescent.

The Earl and Countess of Lanesborough and Lady Eileen Butler arrived on Monday, and registered at the Windsor.

An interesting engagement announced a few days ago is that of Miss Alice Coverton, eldest daughter of Mr. C. J. Coverton, to Mr. T. Bastedo, of Toronto. Miss Coverton, who is much liked in her circle of friends, has recently returned from a visit to relatives in Toronto. An engagement announced a couple of weeks prior to the marriage, on April 19, is that of Miss Leota Bryant to Dr. Henry Ross Matthews.

The Rev. Herbert R. Stevenson, M.A., and Miss Ann Isabel Knox are to be married quietly in St. George's Church next Tuesday. Miss Knox is a daughter of the late W. J. Knox, of Lisburn, Ireland, and now resides in Westmount with her mother.

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Mr. Fred Shaughnessy, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's younger son, has sailed for England, where Lady Shaughnessy and her daughters are at present. Mr. Shaughnessy has travelled more than most young men of his years, having "encircled the globe" on a tour, accompanied by his tutor, about three years ago.

Lieut.-Colonel Jeffrey H. Burland and Mrs. Burland were to spend Easter in Rome, according to late letters. They have been travelling in Spain and Algeria until recently, when they left for Naples.

Miss Beatrice Douglas Weir, Judge Weir's eldest daughter, who has been a student at the University of Chicago for the past year, is home.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Nelles, who have been staying at the Windsor this winter, are at Virginia Hot Springs. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holt will stay at Atlantic City a couple of weeks. Mrs. R. Stanley Bagg and Miss Gwen-dolen Bagg spent the Easter weeks at Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McMaster are staying for a while at Virginia Beach on their trip south. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross have been spending some time in the south, at Old Point Comfort. Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie and Miss Alice Ogilvie are at Atlantic City, and Mr. and Mrs. James Morgan and Dr. J. D. Morgan also spent the Easter season at the same resort, favored of Montrealers in late winter and early spring. Mrs. Peers Davidson has gone to Old Point Comfort for a couple of weeks to recover after a spring cold. Mr. Davidson accompanied her to the south. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Black have been staying for two or three weeks at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City. Mrs. D. McNicoll and Miss McNicoll have also left for Atlantic City.

Two Australian visitors in town the past week were Miss Agnes G. Murphy and Miss Aimee Moore, who were crossing Canada on their way to England. They stayed with Mrs. E. G. Lawrence, Dorchester street, while in town. Miss Murphy, I understand, is writing, or has written, a biography of Madame Melba.

Mrs. W. E. Rhea has arrived from California to spend the first weeks of her widowhood with her relatives in Montreal. Mrs. Rhea, who was Miss Muriel Fairman, went to live in one of the Southern States after her marriage a few years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Rhea had been staying in California for some time for Mr. Rhea's health.

Mrs. R. W. Shepherd, wife of the president of the Ottawa River Navigation Company, has left for the Pacific coast to visit her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Leach, who lives at Salmon River, near Vancouver. Mr. Leach and Miss Olive Shepherd were married last June at Mr. Shepherd's country residence at Como.

Madame Donald, the Canadian soprano, has been staying at the Windsor this week, and visiting relatives in town, in the intervals of singing at concerts in New York, Ottawa, and Quebec. Madame Donald, who was Miss Pauline Lightstone, of Montreal, has had many successes since the quality of her voice was "discovered," and, after a course under Miss Lichtenstein at the Royal Victoria College, she was given the opportunity to study in Europe through Lord Strathcona's always generous wish to give Canadian talent its chance. Madame Donald's name for the public was chosen for the same reason that the Royal Victoria College girls call themselves the "Donaldas," to show their appreciation of Lord Strathcona's (Donald A. Smith's) generosity. It is three years since Madame Donald was last here, her visit this time

Best Procurable Black Dress Goods the World Affords

YOU can go where you will and pay more if you like, but the fact will remain that this store carries the best black goods in each respective grade at the prices involved. Over no other branch of our business do we take greater pains than in choosing our blacks. You would think perhaps that "**black is black,**" but blacks are many, and it takes the keenest judge of Dress Goods to get the rich blue and jet blacks that stand the test of wear and sunlight. For thirty years we have been doing that very thing, and this spring we offer you the fullest fruit of our experience.

A north light to judge by—a spacious place to choose in, and Black Goods of every fashionable kind.

New Black Worsted and Broadcloth Suitings, French and English Cheviots and Coating Serges, 50-54 inches wide. Per yard, 85c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Fine Black Silk and Wool Taffeta, Silk and Wool Crepes, Cord de Chines, Tussah Royal, Tudor Twills, Silk and Wool Elegantes and Poplins, 42-46 inches wide. Per yard, 75c to \$2.00.

These goods are guaranteed positively the best qualities procurable. Made from fine Botany wools, dyed by the best French dyers, unspottable and thoroughly sponged.

A Big Choice Range of Linen Suitings for Summer**Wash Goods Department**

RISH and French manufacture, including all the novelties of the season, and all the newest shades in the plain colors. Those who like to have linen suits for summer may come now as soon as they like.

27-inch Linen Suiting, a great cloth for the money. There is nothing better for children's wear; plain colors, Alice, sky, pink, mauve and champagne; will wash well. Very special value, 15c.

27-inch Pongee Linen, 36 inches wide, the heavy ramee crash weave, the rage of London, Paris and New York, the biggest range of colors ever. Here are a few: Alice, navy, grey, pink, old rose, wood rose, copper, mulberry, white, black, pink, white, red, nile, champagne, etc. No toilet complete without a dress of this material. Note width, viz., 36-inch. Extra special value, 35c.

Self Striped Colored Linen, a beautiful soft weave for summer frocks, navy and white, helio and white, mulberry and white, copper and white, champagne and white, 35c.

French Linen, 36 inches wide, the heavy ramee crash weave, the rage of London, Paris and New York, the biggest range of colors ever. Here are a few: Alice, navy, grey, pink, old rose, wood rose, copper, mulberry, white, black, pink, white, red, nile, champagne, etc. No toilet complete without a dress of this material. Note width, viz., 36-inch. Extra special value, 35c.

Natural Shantungs

SHANTUNG Silks are not popular this year—they are absolutely imperative. You cannot be fashionable without them.

We have given up more space this year to Shantungs than ever before. We have everything in Raw Silks that the cities of Honan and Shantung have to offer. And as to our prices—well, compare around town and you'll form an idea.

Here is our price list:—

34 inches wide, excellent dress and separate waist quality. Price 55c per yard.

34-inch Natural Shantung Silk, specially for tailored suits, auto coats and dresses, extra heavy make. Price \$1.50 per yard.

SIMPSON Company Limited
TORONTO

Don't Forget

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

Even an expert won't buy coffee by its looks. He wants to taste it in the cup—because all coffee looks very much alike.

If you want a delicious cup of coffee, get a brand that has proved its quality like "SEAL BRAND".

The delightful flavor and fragrant aroma of the finest coffee berries are brought direct to your table by means of the sealed cans.

The flavor and aroma are sealed in.

Insist on having Chase & Sanborn's "Seal Brand" Coffee—in 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, - Montreal.

Lace Curtains Cleaned

This is the time of year the house-keeper dreads. It means house-cleaning and curtain-cleaning. It is an unpleasant job and hard work to wash curtains and then stretch them on racks or pin them to the carpet. Sore fingers and aching backs. Why do this? You can send them to these works and have them cleaned.

And Done Up By Experts

They come back to you looking as good or better than when you bought them. The expense is small and the trouble saved is great. You can always be sure the result will satisfy you.

R. PARKER & CO.
Canada's Largest Dyers
and Cleaners.

201 and 791 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
Branches and Agencies in all principal cities and towns.

"The Quality goes in before the Name goes on."

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE Bread

If people were as greatly agitated over bread quality as they are over water purity, we'd have a healthier folk—and that's no idle guess.

If you have not been a "consumer" of Bredin's Home-made Bread,

Buy a loaf and compare it with some of the sad and sour products from some ovens which are accepted as the "staff of life" for many a family in this city.

Bredin's "Home-made" is always the same beautifully and uniformly-cooked loaf—healthy and nutritious.

5 cents.

Phone College 761, or Parkdale 1585.
The bakeries are at 160-164 Avenue road and Elbow and Dundas streets.
Largest and most modernly appointed and equipped in the Dominion of Canada.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE
PURE and DELICIOUS.
Made in a moment. No waste.
No trouble. Of all Grocers.



Easter Fashions in New York.

EASTER came early this year, but Easter in New York may always be taken as an indication of which way the fashion winds are likely to blow during the spring and summer season. From the Fifth avenue church parade on Sunday last one might learn many things to purchase as well as things innumerable to avoid. First and foremost on the latter list come pink roses, for surely last Sunday morning there were enough roses of that color to run parallel with the Equator most of the way round the earth, and then some. Pink roses of any sort or all sorts appeared on everything possible, or so it seemed in the general kaleidoscopic effect of shifting figures that crowded the Avenue. There were turbans made almost entirely of the flowers, and there were the inevitable bicornes with strings of roses crossing them on top or catching them rosette-wise at the corners. There were pink rose crowns

were made was a very fine straw, in many instances the garniture consisted simply of a great bunch of aigrettes, or a couple of feathers stuck carelessly either almost directly at the back or well to the side. Any woman with nimble fingers should be able to adjust such a trimming without much trouble.

In shape one may evidently wear whatever suits one best from the round turbans that are a little taller than last season, and are sometimes made entirely of draped straw and trimmed only with an aigrette, to the huge hats that have a tendency towards high crowns, and have brims the size of small cart wheels. Naturally there were many extreme examples of the milliner's art on view, but the most extraordinary that I saw last Sunday on Fifth avenue was an immense black chip hat with a rather high flat crown, the brim being practically the same size all the way round. It was raised slightly at one side, where five



TWO SPRING COSTUMES.

The first suit is of the new and very popular shade of drab cloth, and is finished with black satin revers and buttons. The other costume is in striped tweed in two shades and features of it include the smart arrangement of the waistcoat and the cut of the coat.

on a great many different sorts of brims, and there were garlands and wreaths and bunches and little garden plots of the same delicate blooms, until really one wondered how in the world so many pink silk and pink cotton flowers had ever been turned out.

But pink roses were not the only things that struck one as being threatened with immediate over-popularity in the millinery line, for big tulle bows ran them a fairly close second. They were large—very large—and wired to keep their shape, and so great has been the demand for them that they could be purchased, ready made, at most of the big shops.

These were perched well to the back of the brims of many big hats, and there they bobbed and nodded and blew about apparently to the extreme satisfaction of the young persons whose heads they adorned.

Many of the hats in greatest favor—and so most likely to soonest lose their popularity—were turned straight up in the front and caught with anything the milliner's fancy happened to dictate from a formal little flower-bed arrangement of different blossoms placed around one another in circles to a simple tailor-made effect produced with a wing or a quill and a rosette of ribbon velvet.

Some of these hats were adorned with small sheaves of wheat in any color that the wearer might happen to select, and much of it was of a kind unknown in the great Northwest, especially the bright scarlet and dull purple varieties.

It seemed as if the majority of hats that turned up directly in front were adorned with a touch—or even more—of poppy red velvet.

It was used in bands and in rosettes, in ribbons and in choux as well as in wings, flowers and quills.

The turned up hat and the brilliant red hue seemed absolutely to supplement each other in about ninety per cent. of the instances where individual fancy had run to either.

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A most unsummerlike effect was seen in a great many hats owing to the amount of velvet with which they were bedecked, and the majority of the hats were lined with velvet. Practically all the Tuscan hats seen were faced in black velvet, and these may be purchased at the stores, and require very little trimming to make them smart looking. Many of the handsomest hats were those having the least trimming, and when the material of which they

of the biggest willow plumes I have ever seen were caught to the crown and allowed to float freely on the atmosphere. Around the crown was a deep fringe-like bandage of the willow feathers, the entire effect being marvellous in the extreme, and really such as made one wonder what on earth a woman would be willing to wear next. The hat, in spite of its exaggeration, was rather becoming to the tall slight fair girl who wore it.

It was a distinct surprise to discover that although the Chantecleer hat trimmings were shown in the shops, not one was to be seen in Central Park or on Fifth avenue on Easter Sunday. Of course, it is possible there were isolated examples, but they kept modestly in the background, and it is evident that New York has not taken up that particular Parisian craze.

While a great deal of black was worn, some of the prettiest costumes were in tones of purple, ranging all the way from the darkest tone to mauve and lavender. Most of these were made in some form of pleated skirt, even when a one-piece dress. Coats were much shorter than in the past few months and were rather more simple. In spite of all the "puffing" the Russian blouse effects have received, they were conspicuous by their absence.

As Easter Sunday was warm and pleasant, many very light-hued cloth gowns were to be seen, especially in drab, pale grey, biscuit, and even creamy white, while light hairline cloths were used for many of the jauntiest suits.

As a number of people were tempted by the fine weather to leave their coats at home, there was every possibility of studying the lines of the new dresses, many of which were well worth seeing. Both buttons and braiding appeared on some of the suits, but for the most part they

were rather simple in style, and showed a desire to get away from the over-ornamentation that characterized winter styles.

One of the popular colors, especially for hat trimming, seemed to be a bright, rather dark, blue

which was a favorite all winter and still holds its own this spring. There was also a tremendous amount of

shepherd's plaid being worn, both for suits and long separate coats.

VOGUE.

M.A. Murray & Co. Limited

57 Years' Growth in Merchandising

MURRAY'S MILLINERY

"The Large Hat"

"**H**ER LADYSHIP" is certainly exercising the courage of her convictions this season, notwithstanding the influence brought to bear by "mere man" against the large hat, she issues forth triumphantly this Spring with hats even larger than ever, but, if you notice the striking lines and graceful sweep that characterizes all these larger shapes this season, and gives to each an individuality which at once seems to merit it, being classed out of the commonplace, you will, we think, no longer ask why they are again so popular. The dash and style of the "newest brim," which folds back from the face, will quite easily demonstrate to you by its insidious charms, the utter futility of all protestations this season anyway.

M.A. Murray & Co. Limited Toronto



It is in details that good taste is discovered. In a woman's dress Gloves are perhaps the most important detail.

Throughout the world PERRIN GLOVES have won pre-eminence for their style and quality.

Leading Dealers Everywhere Sell Perrin Gloves

THE BEVERAGE FOR ALL WEATHERS.

EPPS'S COCOA

A delicious food and drink in one.

Grateful you for hours. As a supper beverage it is perfect. Comforting

CHAS. POTTER, 85 Yonge St.
C. B. PTRY, Proprietor.

POTTER'S "PEERLESS" TORIC LENSES

Toric lenses are ground on a curve that enables those who wear glasses to look in any direction that comes in range of the naked eye.

You don't have to move your head—just your eyes.

We test your eyes accurately, carefully, patiently, so as to get the exact lens your vision requires.

Handsome Toric lenses in eye glass form, simple spheres, \$4.00, or skeleton for spectacles, \$4.50. Ask to see Potter's Peerless Pinocchio mount.

POTTER, THE RELIABLE OPTICIAN Toronto



NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1910.

PRESIDENT TAFT doesn't present the beaming front he did a year ago. The famous smile has been almost worn smooth by the daily friction of his exalted office, and care has begun to dig deep furrows in the once serene brow. The countenance still shows boundless good nature and benignity, but the expression is subdued, weary, and even nonchalant. His public words, too, bear out the impression of weariness. They are neither happy nor fortunate, and a "peevish" tone shows the effect of constant criticism of his administration. Hostility always roused Roosevelt to his best. The more sensitive Taft needs the sympathetic response. The occasion of his visit to New York this week was the banquet of the American Peace and Arbitration League. He came on direct from the Albany conference with Earl Grey and Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian Minister of Finance, on tariff matters. That conference, as everyone knows, was a last effort to save his own face and the face of the Washington tariff tinkers. And it is also an open secret that the result was not flattering to the Washington viewpoint. This may have had some effect on his frame of mind. In the afternoon he addressed the Press Club, and in a spirit of good fellowship that is characteristic of the press "off duty," he was given a jolly hour. Parodies on popular songs were rendered setting forth in humorous vein the current political happenings. To the air of "Rings on her fingers" we had:

Smiles for the Reg'lers,
Grins for his foes,
Sunny words for every one,
Everywhere he goes;
Stands for no nonsense,
No use for graft,
Our handy, dandy, candy
President Taft—Bill Taft!

"Has anybody here seen Kelly" was transposed to:
Has anybody heard from Teddy?
T—E double D—Y,
Has anybody heard from Teddy,
Anybody seen the child?
Oh his face is tanned and his clothes are weird
And they even say he has grown a beard.
But has anybody heard from Teddy,
Teddy from the jungle wild?

The fallen Czar of the House, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, was lamented in the doleful strains of "Old Uncle Ned": Oh there was an old speaker and his name was Uncle Joe,
And he liked nothing more than a scrap;
And the rules that he made filled insurgents full of woe
Till they wiped Uncle Joseph off the map.

Chorus.
Hang up the gavel and cigar, cigar,
Close up the House and Senate bar;
There is trouble and woe for poor Uncle Joe,
'Cause he went just a little too far.

All of which put the President in the best of humor, and led him to modify somewhat his criticism of the press made a week ago in Chicago. Notwithstanding this, there was an undercurrent of complaint in most of the speech:

This being President of the United States presents a good many new sensations to one who came into the office under the conditions that surrounded my coming in. I had been on the Bench for twelve years, and I think the Bench is the only place in the country—in the United States at least—that is free from severe criticism by the press; and having had that sort of training it is a little hard for me to get used to any other kind of treatment. I am being educated.

But there are times in the White House, and when you are exercising what is supposed to be the powers of the Presidency, when you get really very discouraged. Things don't go right. Your motives are misconstrued, and then you take a long walk, and you say to yourself: "There is one thing, anyhow—they cannot deprive your children and your descendants of having your picture on the walls of the White House, paid for by the Congress." And then you go home, and you look at the picture of Teddy and the picture of Grover Cleveland and of Abraham Lincoln and the others you have there, and you come to the conclusion that even that isn't a consolation.

His speech at the Arbitration banquet was an equally unhappy effort to reconcile peace protestations with a demand for two more battleships from Congress this year.

* * *

THE Canadian tariff problem, as you know, has been suddenly projected into the field of live politics. On the heels of the uneventful conference at Albany, came the news of a democratic victory in Republican Boston, on a straight issue of trade relations with Canada. The Washington administration identified itself with the fray to the extent of despatching Senator Lodge and other Republican heavy artillery into the field and must share the rout. This is the second democratic victory since the passage of the Payne Aldrich Bill, and the result has been to throw the "standpatters" into a state bordering on panic.

This also explains the extraordinary activity in tariff diplomacy in Washington and Ottawa. Between this Republican reverse on a straight national issue, the "insurgency" at the capitol, the daily revelations of graft in the State insurance inquiry, and the Alldis bribery scandal the plight of the Republican party is anything but enviable. An open revolt, too, against the State machine, or rather the revolt of the State machine against such constitutional representatives of the new Republican party as Senator Root, Governor Hughes, Lloyd Griscom and others, who are steadfastly endeavoring to purge the party of the last taint of corruption, would under ordinary circumstances seal the party's fate in the fall.

Fortunately for the party—but alas! for the country—the democratic plight is about as hopeless. Still more fortunately for Republicans there is still the genius and commanding personality of Roosevelt to be reckoned with before election day. Just as the army of France turned to Elba, in the dark days of its fortunes, so the Republicans are fixing their eyes on the horizon that stretches

seaward to Egypt. The returning hero of San Juan and the Jungle will indeed be welcome to his discomfited hosts.

* * *

AMID these overshadowing events the ubiquitous "dad" of City Hall is not permitted to be forgotten. He still continues to bob up in unexpected parts of his ballroom, scolding here, approving there, his large and troublesome family ever the object of his general and specific solicitude. The minuteness of that paternal regard has never been better shown than in the case of the City's Pied Piper, who the other day asked for relief from jury duty. This latest object of his tender solicitude—a gaunt, cadaverous, black-bearded figure—may be seen by anyone of nocturnal habits sitting in the weird shadows of some bake shop or grocery store, waiting with the infinite patience of his calling to lure the despised rodent to destruction. Solitude is the portion of his trade, and the social solitude must be no less. His political value is one vote. A request from such as he addressed to an ordinary mayor, would only provide merriment for a staff of underlings. But Mayor Gaynor is far from ordinary. The man who petulantly tore up a score of applications for "Battery Dan" Finn's job of magistrate, because he thought the haste of the applicants indecent, had time for the lonely rat catcher. Here is the letter he wrote:

"My dear Mr. Frey,—Your letter of March 15 is at hand, describing how your calling of rat catcher is being constantly interfered with by your being summoned to serve as juror. Sooner than have the city overrun with rats and everything eaten up by them, I would prefer to have you relieved of jury duty. Do you not think we had better have a bill introduced in the Legislature to exempt rat catchers from jury service? The difficulty is, however, that so many exemptions have already been passed by the Legislature that there seems to be only the rat catchers and a few other people left to serve on juries. That might possibly improve the progress of your bill if sent to Albany."

"I will have to consider the matter carefully, and some day when you are down this way come in and we will talk it over; and also about rats. I see by the quotation at the head of your letter that you are a classical scholar. My experience is that learned men are to be found everywhere. As we read in 'Don Quixote,' 'The mountains breed learned men and philosophers are found in the huts of shepherds.' Sincerely yours,

"W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor."

The quotation referred to is "Audaces Fortuna Juvat," which, one of the papers informed its readers, means "fortune favors the brave."

* * *

IT is an axiom of the law that the punishment shall not exceed the offence. The law thus performs the double office of reproof and protection. Its protective side, however, is not as often appreciated as it might be—a fact which makes more notable the case of "Count" Zimmerman, who has just been sentenced to Sing Sing.

The "Count's" hobby was wives, of which up to the time of his arrest he had married twenty-four, without in any instance invoking the aid of the divorce courts. As so often happens, the "Count" rode his hobby to ground. The twenty-fourth proved too much for its already burdened back and stumbled. When the eyes of the indignant lady beheld her soiled skirts, the "Count" fled in alarm. He was finally rounded up in a little obscure city that nestles at the foot of the Hamilton mountain.

Bigamy not being an extraditable offence—(again the law's beneficence)—perjury was substituted. Last week in a Brooklyn court the polygamous "Count" received in addition to a tongue thrashing from the judge, a minimum of four years and a maximum of nine years.

The "Count," it seems, seasoned his amours with much practical wisdom. The wives in every instance had something to throw into the matrimonial jack-pot, and the shrewd "Count" saw that the cards were stacked. That was his game. He drew in small sums usually, but as you see he drew often, thereby maintaining a very considerable appearance of outward respectability. This extended to his grey beard and his curly hair.

Sing Sing, in spite of its heroic setting, is a grim, gloomy pile, over whose portals might well be written "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Not so the "Count." What to others spelled prison, to him spelled refuge. The gates that closed him in, would also close the world out, and that world held twenty-four he was in no mood to encounter.

* * *

A FEW trifling indignities to his distinguished person had to be undergone before the sheltering haven was reached—the enforced juxtaposition of a couple of negro convicts, for instance, bound on the same journey—but these were pin pricks in comparison to the beneficial prospect before him.

Had reproach alone been contemplated, the "Count" would have been turned loose on the unprotected highways to take his chances with his twenty-four enraged brides. To give one woman a moral advantage (as every man knows) is to give up the last ghost of temporal power. Comedies prove this if experience does not. But, twenty-four—ye gods! Well may the "Count" view his situation with satisfaction. Well may he walk those battlements with defiant unconcern of the wrath he has kindled in the world below. The whole pack may yelp at the gates, but he is safe, thanks to the protecting arm of the law. Man-made-laws according to our suffragette friends, who would no doubt condemn the offender to live with all twenty-four at close range. Women are so unscrupulous in the exercise of power. This last may not be a very valuable thought, but the floundering anti-suffragette may find it useful, and to him I bequeath it.

J. E. W.

According to the result of many measurements made at the Anthropological Laboratory in London, the right arm in human beings is, in a majority of cases, longer than the left arm, while, on the contrary, the left leg is longer than the right leg. Sometimes, however, the relative proportions are exactly reversed, but very seldom does perfect equality exist between the two sides. The tendency of the right arm to exceed the left arm in strength is somewhat greater in men than in women, while equality of strength in the two arms occurs almost twice as frequently with women as with men.

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The home of Mr. A. Ansley at Glengrove, Eglinton, which is now a portion of the town of North Toronto, is one of the happiest experiments in the design that can be seen in the Province of Ontario. It is built on the site of what was once historic homestead in the early days of the settlement of Upper Canada, the old Nanton House, and stands at a point overlooking the brow of a deep ravine on a knoll heavily wooded with pines. The situation enabled the architect, Mr. George W. Gouinlock, to exercise a greater freedom of fancy than is permissible to the architect of an ordinary town residence and the result has been a most picturesque abode entirely in keeping with its beautiful surroundings.

Collecting Old China.

In Canada, as in the rest of America, we collect bank notes and a few other things with great care and discrimination. Any street car conductor can tell a bad coin at a glance. The school boy who collects postage stamps knows where his treasures come from as well as what they are worth. Other examples might be given of cases where our collectors do something more than accumulate things. But when it comes to collecting pictures, books, furniture, and so on not many people on this continent make purchases as the result of study and search. In the matter of china especially we have few really intelligent and appreciative fanciers. In *House and Garden*, Marvin Cole has this to say on the subject of collecting old china:

It takes some experience, and a sort of natural instinct for such things, to succeed in getting together a good col-

Indeed, such a quantity of beautiful china has found its way into the world that it is not so strange that we still may find excellent examples of early wares here and there in our antique shops, or on old shelves of the houses of yesterday, where they have rested since our great-grandmother's time.

There can be no question but that a study of the history and manufacture of old china will add to the zest of collecting, and will enable one to be in a better position to select, intelligently, the more interesting of the things he comes across. There will be the various marks that identify different wares to be studied; the cross sword of Meissen, the crown and monogram of Royal Worcester, and so on.

It gives one a thrill to find, on picking up a bit of old china among the dusty antiques in some quaint old shop, a veritable treasure in porcelain, recognized instantly by its quality of texture and the mark of fabrication. Of course ingenious and unscrupulous persons have imitated old china with more or less success, but fortunately such imitations are rare enough to keep any one who chooses to post himself on the subject free from worry. This, too, is where the intuitive sense of the collector of old china comes into requisition, and gives him a sense of satisfaction in his mastery of its mysteries.

Repairing the Window Shades.

Window shades that have become cracked and worn may be taken down, removed from the rollers, and turned with the upper part down, as good as new in appearance. The width of hem that is worn should, of course, be cut off and a hem of similar width turned and stitched on the



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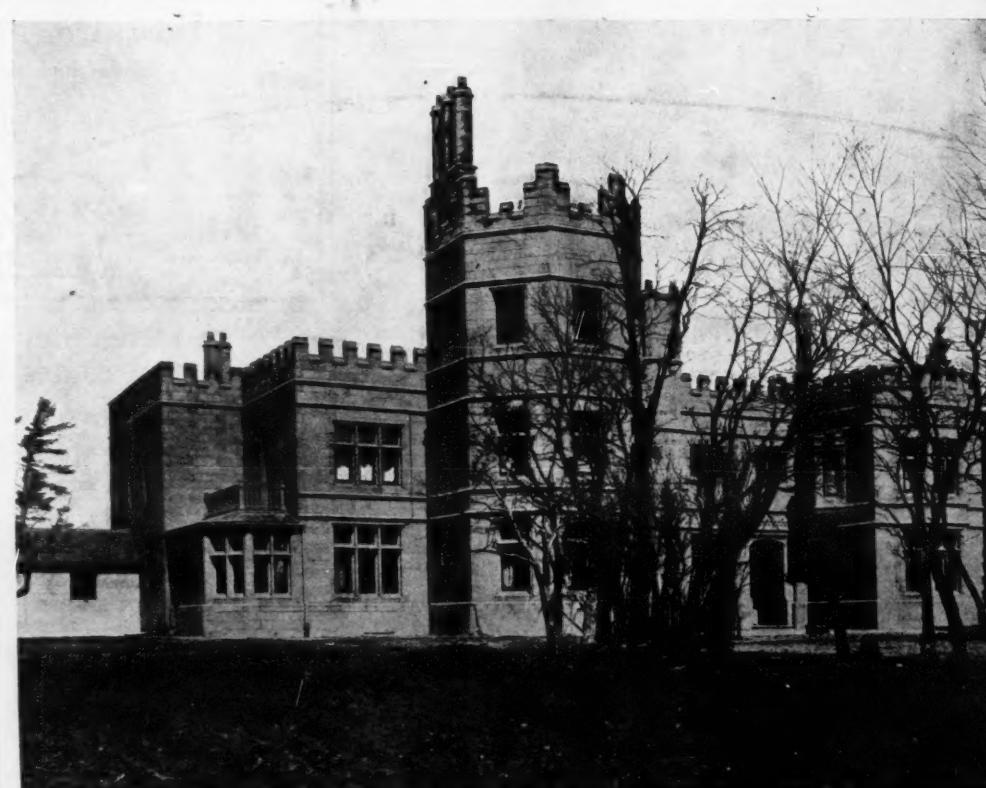
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lection of examples of old china. Nevertheless it is doubtful if any subject is more dear to the lover of antiques, and old china is the shrine at which nearly every collector is a devotee.

Naturally, the Celestial Kingdom has given this fragile ware its name, for in China porcelain had its birth. We now apply the term china to porcelain of all classes, whether true porcelain of hard paste, e.g., Chinese, Japanese, Meissen, Plymouth, Bristol, etc., or artificial porcelain of soft paste, e.g., Sevres (*pâte tendre*), Worcester, Chelsea, Bow, Lowestoft, etc. The Japanese borrowed the art from the Koreans, to whom the Chinese had taught the mysteries of porcelain-making as distinct from the coarser opaque wares we designate as pottery.

Porcelain was introduced into Europe at an early date and the passion for collecting pieces of it spread with rapidity. Indeed, it threatened to drive the native majolica faience from Italian households, and the fashion for it was as widespread in France as that of tulips in Holland. For instance, at one time over three hundred thousand porcelain cups and saucers were imported into Europe. This was about the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Italian, Francesco di Medici, son of Casimo I. of Florence, is said to have penetrated the secret of porcelain-making in the latter part of the sixteenth century, a secret soon lost, so that to Saxony, after all, belongs the real glory of European discovery of porcelain as the Elector Frederick Augustus, who fostered it at Meissen, brought European porcelain to popularity. However, the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria obtained the secret of the art, and soon had a porcelain manufactory of her own at Vienna. Most of the original molds of Meissen, Vienna and Dresden china are still in existence. All Europe soon began imitating the Dresden ware with wonderful success.

The French had not been behindhand in porcelain-making. There was the fine ware of St. Cloud, the less successful product of Lille and that of Chantilly under protection of the Prince de Conde. Then the manufactory at Vincennes paved the way to the successes of Sevres, under the special patronage of Louis XV.

No other art or industrial influence gained so much for French prestige as the porcelain of Sevres. The English, too, soon became absorbed in porcelain-making, as the Worcester, Chelsea, Bow, Lowestoft, Bristol, Plymouth and other works attest.

newer portion, in which is put the sticks to keep the edge firm and straight.

The hem may be stitched on the machine, but a loose tension and long stitch are advisable, as the material of which curtains are made is not very tough nor durable, and as it is generally quite filled with stiffening, it is brittle, and liable to split and make slits if the stitch is short or the tension very tight. If the stitching is done by hand it should be rather long and very even, and may be made just right by pricking first with the needle point as wide as desired and following with the thread in these measured spaces.

In screwing in the ring on the lower stick first find the hole on the stick, and then make the hole through the curtain with the point of a penknife by working it around as in boring a hole. There is danger, here, of splitting the cloth and making a poor job of the whole thing.

The clamps or tacks that hold the curtain to the roll should be put on firmly and straight before they are struck in, so that they will hold the curtain true. An ordinary caseknife is a good thing to hammer them in with. A good many points are needed to hold the curtain firm on the roll.

If the roller spring is too loose and rolls up too slowly, roll the cloth on the roll about once up tight in the hands, then put it on the brackets and pull the curtain down; if not tight enough take it off the brackets and roll again, possibly half length. It is easy to get them too tight, when they have to be released by unclasping the little ratchet at the end of the roll.

Save Your Roof Shingles.

We are obliged to renew a section of our shingle roof on account of the shingles rotting, writes a correspondent of *House and Garden*. The cause was this: a pipe carrying rain water from the roof above discharged directly upon the shingles, and the water then flowed down over them into another gutter. After the expense of renewing the shingles I had a short piece of pipe made to connect with the gutter direct from the other pipe. This has remedied the trouble. We never realized that there was anything objectionable in the former way until our roof gave way.

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CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES



A STREET IN ROSEDALE.
This photograph gives a view along the north side of Chestnut Park road, showing a number of the beautiful homes of Rosedale, Toronto's famous residential suburb.

finished with a base. Usually it is built of "beaded" boards, which serves to complete a most commonplace effect. If the sheathing were not beaded, and had a panel pattern of quarter-inch strips laid over it, the result might not be unpleasing, though never so good as wainscoting with solid panels.

Cheaper still is the effect obtained by using wood strips over a textile wall covering, and though inexpensive the resulting wall may be particularly harmonious with crafts furniture of oak and a solid-color paper of lighter tone above.

For the summer camp or bungalow an effective and inexpensive scheme of treating the studs that are left exposed inside is to cover the lower portion with plaster board or compo board, over which may be stretched burlap, and upon this a panel pattern of wood strips.

In all wainscoting it is well to carry around some marked line for the top boundary—the line of mantelshelf or of window-sills. Sometimes the wood covering is carried to the ceiling, but most of us, perhaps, will be satisfied with a less ambitious treatment.

Furnishing the Dining-Room.

The ease with which a dining room is furnished should pre-suppose its being always a satisfactory apartment. Many reasons contribute to this ease, since not only are the purposes of this room clearly defined, but that which is used in it may also be employed as parts of the decorative scheme. The aim of the householder, of course, should be to keep strictly to the dining room's purpose, obtruding no other signs of occupation. The exigencies of living being what they are, however, even in a house, this room may often permit itself to be expanded so as to include other necessities. Children may read there, for example, or play about the table at night; or the father may reserve a special corner for his paper and cigars.

That which more than anything else contributes to the ugliness of the room is the choice of its various appointments. Red-bordered table linen is a horror; so is a china service with the same design as that seen on the washstands. So, too, are over-decorated sets of colored glass. Worst of all, is a sideboard showing a series of bordered napkins on which are displayed ordinary dishes, while the crowning touch of everything bad is a tumbler or silver cup holding teaspoons standing upright. The only proper place for small pieces of silver is in a drawer, well protected from dust.

It is not obligatory to have ugly things.

We may have to pay extravagantly for a silk hanging with special tones; and beds that are comfortable may make a drain on the purse. But a pretty table service is within reach of the most modest of incomes.

English Color Prints.

"Old English Color Prints," by Malcolm C. Salaman, is a recent publication. The appeal of these tinted engravings is aesthetically rather small. The English artisan engravers went in for the obviously engaging qualities, and never attained that thoughtful beauty of tone which makes a print by Lavreince an authentic work of art. Any powdery charm in the originals is much attenuated in the forty facsimiles which illustrate this number. The appeal is to the incipient collector who would familiarize himself with the most noted subjects. Mr. Salaman's observation on the limited taste of collectors of these trifles is worth repeating. "It is," he says, "a curious and noteworthy fact that the collector of old English color-prints has rarely, if ever, any sympathy with modern art, however fine, however beautiful."



RESIDENCE OF MR. J. B. O'BRIEN, 100 UPPER SCARTH ROAD, TORONTO.
This is one of the newer and one of the most costly of Toronto houses. It is considered to be quite a remarkable piece of domestic architecture.

Wall Paper Tacked On.

"You never heard of tacking on wall paper? Oh, dear, yes," said Mr. Flatdweller, "we often do that. We don't put the paper on with tacks originally, but we tack it on in making repairs. You know how the paper curls away from the wall sometimes, stiff and hard, with the paste on it? Sometimes it is left that way pieces of the hard paper may be broken off. Well, you couldn't very well paste that paper down again, because you couldn't make any paste strong enough to take out the curl and make the paper hold; and then with paste, even if it would hold, you might not make a nice job of it around the joints, might get on too much paste and so get some of it on the outside of the paper. So we just tack down the curled-up paper and tack on the pieces that may have fallen off. But don't the tack heads show in the paper? No, not at all, not—ahem!—as we do the tacking. That's where the fine art of tacking on paper, as we practise it, comes in. There's a pattern on the paper and sure to be here and there more or less dark places in the coloring and we simply drive the tacks in the dark spots, where they don't show."

Simple Fire Precautions.

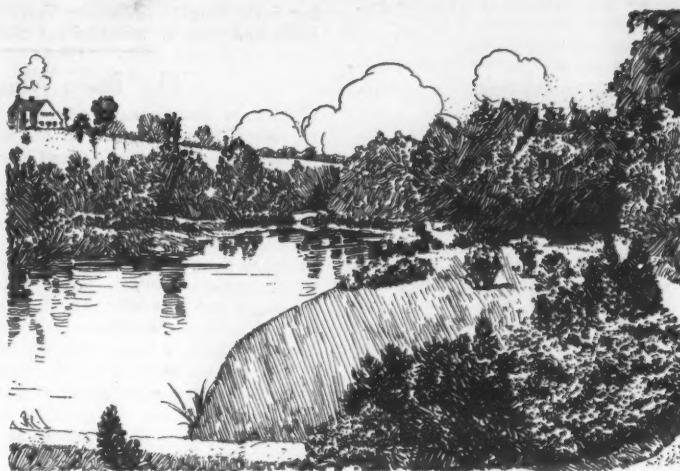
Do not allow rubbish and trash to accumulate anywhere on the premises, particularly in cellars, under stairways and in attics. Avoid handling benzine, gasoline and other inflammable fluids in the proximity of fire or lights. Use safety matches exclusively. The use of parlor matches is dangerous. This danger is usually insufficiently appreciated. The general public is seldom informed as to the large number of fires supposed to be caused by matches set off by rats, or mice, or children. Such fires would be avoided if safety matches only were used. Never fill kerosene lamps by candle or lamp light. There is danger in the improper use of electric lamps and electric wiring. The practice of hanging swinging pendant electric wires over gas pipes or nails always involves some danger, as does also leaving hot incandescent lamps close to clothing or other textile materials. Brick fire stops set near the corners in partitions and floors should be specified in new frame buildings. In built up communities one's property should be protected from neighboring fires by means of fire walls and wire glass in windows. The foregoing are a few preventive measures.

Artificial Marble.

The Italians have devised a method of manufacturing artificial marble. Catania, the centre of the industry, is overlooked by the great volcano Etna, and this mountain has furnished part of the material employed. Common white sandstone is cut into the desired shapes and these are placed in an iron tank upon a heavy wire grating. Then the tank is filled with a molten mixture of volcanic asphalt and coal-tar. This is kept boiling for thirty-six hours, when the stones are taken out, cooled, dried, and polished. It is difficult, say the experts, to distinguish stones thus treated from genuine black marble, but the cost is much less.

There are now on exhibition for the use of the citizens of Toronto in the Reference Library, corner St. George and College Streets, one hundred of the best books on Gardening. There were thousands of people who used the books last year when the experiment was tried for the first time. These books will be available for six weeks and the Library is open from 10 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.

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Life is a series of disappointments of which death is not the least.

Being popular is the price one has to pay for being pleasant.

There's nothing more disappointing than hope, unless it's being deprived of it.

Amiability is too often simply a covering for an empty brain.

Tact is the most powerful weapon furnished woman for gaining her own ends.

"In union there is peace" was never applied to matrimony.

C. C. M.

Mme. Curie, Scientist and Mother.

THE world has had many illustrious women, but most of them have encouraged publicity rather than avoided it. Of such a nature, however, Madame Curie is not—she who is the most talked of woman in France to-day, and who has won an international reputation. Her recent discoveries regarding the element polonium, which is 5,000 times rarer than radium, have brought her again prominently before the public, and once more efforts are being made by the feminists of Paris to present to her a testimonial as well as to persuade her to enter into the feminist movement.

But Madame Curie refuses to receive testimonials. She asks only to be left alone in order that she may devote herself to her home and her work. It was the same when she was appointed to a chair at the Sorbonne in Paris, the first time a woman had achieved such an honor. She asked only to be left alone.

Her daily life she divides in two parts: the hours she spends at the Sorbonne and in scientific research and the hours she spends with her two little girls, to whom she is devoted. It is impossible to break through the barriers by which she guards the privacy of her life. Her house on the Avenue Kellerman is surrounded by a high wall, and only a few chosen friends are privileged to come beyond the outer gate. Always of a retiring disposition, she has become more fond of living apart from the world since the sad death of her husband. Quite recently her father-in-law, who was her devoted friend and companion, and who formed one of her household, died at the age of 82.

Madame Curie inherits from her father her love of science, and as a child she spent much of her time in his laboratory. He was M. Sklodowski, professor of physics at a college in Warsaw, and as the little girl began to grow up she became his capable assistant. When the professor died he left his two daughters without any income. The elder studied medicine and became a well-known doctor of medicine in Austria. After several years in which she studied hard in Paris, the other sister became Madame Curie. It was lack of money which necessitated her pursuing her studies in the municipal working class technical school, and it was in the laboratory there that her wonderful capabilities attracted the attention of Prof. Curie. Their marriage was a very perfect one. Together they worked at science. Together they cared for their two little girls. Together they received the Nobel science award, and Paris has never forgotten how M. Curie refused the Cross of the Legion of Honor because a similar decoration was not offered to his wife.

Madame Curie is rather tall and slender, with pale complexion, and the eyes of an enthusiast. Her features are clear-cut, regular and of the Polish type. Her hair, which she wears rolled back from her face, is golden in color.

A devoted mother, this most celebrated of women

scientists, conducts a very simple home, and is herself the teacher of her daughters. The elder, Irene, who is now ten years old, already shows a decided interest in scientific work, and is allowed to sit in the laboratory and watch her mother experimenting. Sometimes she stays there for hours as still as a little statue till Mme. Curie almost forgets her presence. All the time, however, the little girl's great dark eyes are following every movement of her mother's, and she takes a keen interest in all that goes on.

The younger girl, who is called Eve, is now only four years old, and is devoted to her dolls. At times to please her little daughter, Madame Curie shares in a dolls' tea party and joins in many of her child's games.

The Ibsen Museum.

SOME of Ibsen's many admirers have decided that an Ibsen Museum is one of the best ways in which to do honor to the playwright, and it is proposed to immediately set about the carrying out of the idea. According to present arrangements, the museum will be in Grimstad, Norway, the little town where Ibsen lived from 1844 to 1850, and where he did his first literary work. It was at Grimstad that "Catalina," his first play, was written, and in his various works in prose, written at a much later period, he makes reference to the little town on the fjord, for which he seems to have had a very real regard. As it is possible for a very small sum to acquire and put into its original condition the little house where Ibsen lived while there, it is quite possible that in future Grimstad may become a place of pilgrimage to the admirers of the Norwegian writer. A committee has been formed to carry out the scheme and there seems every indication that the house will be acquired and turned into a lasting monument to Ibsen.

Ibsen's parents could not afford to let him study art as he wished, and he became a clerk in the Grimstad drug store. The village then boasted about eight hundred inhabitants, and the ideals of the community were not such as to appeal to the young man. The people worshipped the usual and the customary, and seem to have been quite as narrow-minded as one might expect under the circumstances.

A little book about Ibsen in Grimstad has just been issued by a very intimate friend of his, Christian Due, now an old man of more than 80, says the Literary Digest. He tells thus of their first meeting:

"When passing the pharmacy one day with a friend he asked me whether I had seen the new clerk, as there was something peculiar about him. People who had no errands at the drug store had no occasion to see him, for Ibsen was never seen outside, at least not during the day. I soon found a pretext for entering the store. This was a low room, so low that I could almost touch the ceiling with my hands, and it was very dingy and dark and musty. It was primitively furnished in every way. There was no sign of life. I rapped on the counter and there very hastily appeared a young man with a lively and engaging face. Ibsen grew a beard at an unusually early age, and it gave his face an energetic and at the same time harmonious expression. My general impression was that of



IBSEN'S OLD HOME.
House at Grimstad, Norway, which it is proposed to turn into a museum.

a handsome young man with a good and well-formed figure. At this occasion his face expressed an unmistakable and impatient question, which clearly proved that the customer was far from welcome. I asked him for a few pennies' worth of court-plaster, which he gave me without wasting time or words. But when I handed him the money our eyes met, and I was struck by the wonderful gleam in his eyes. That gleam was the spark of genius. I speak of this apparently unimportant meeting because it made so strong an impression on me."

Soon afterwards the author became better acquainted with Ibsen, whose "intelligence and bubbling wit was extraordinary." "I soon became a daily guest in the drug store, especially in the evening, when Ibsen had some time to himself. I used to look forward to these evenings all day long." Due says that the Ibsen he knew was totally different from the Ibsen the world knew, the man he grew to be. "And when I have seen my childhood's friend live like a lonely man I have often thought of his youth, when he loved so much to have friends around him. Had life and people brought him so much disappointment that he had been forced to isolate himself and to speak only through his works?"

In the Grimstad days Ibsen was very frank and open and fond of friends, even if he never was part of the social life in the little town. His little room behind the drug store soon became the centre of attraction, "for the lively, witty young man began to attract attention." His friends used to drop in after the day's work, and—

"There was always fun and Ibsen was the centre of it with an admiring circle around him, bubbling with wit, slightly tinged with sarcasm, and always, in spite of oppressive surroundings, in the best of humor. No one who did not know him would have thought that anything weighed on him. Epigrams rolled lightly from his lips as verses flowed with incredible facility from his pen. He was a wonderful caricaturist and his sketches were passed around with glee. . . . His sense of humor was unusually keen, and kept us all bubbling over with laughter."

"Around midnight some of the more sensible would suggest that Ibsen needed rest, for we all knew that he spent part of the night in studying, but he would always remark calmly that there was plenty of time both for reading and sleeping."

"Ibsen's capacity for work and his bodily strength were phenomenal. It was almost inconceivable what he found time to do in a day. Besides the work of the store, which took up practically the whole of the day, he studied for college, and most of the subjects he had to master alone. Then his natural bent drove him to spend hours in writing, and this absorbed his attention more and more."

"Ibsen could do everything he put his hand to," says Mr. Due. "His caricatures were extraordinary, while as a landscape painter he showed undoubted talent. But he could not sing. He had a great sense of rhythm, but no ear."



PRINCESS ANDREAS OF GREECE AND HER CHILDREN.

A daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, Princess Andreas was married seven years ago to the fifth son of the King of Greece. The Princess, who is devoted to literature, is also fond of outdoor sports and games.

At the Bridge Whist Club.

I PLAYED on at bridge at midnight,
Though my bank account ran low,
And a warning voice within me
Said I'd better quit and go.

A moment's calm reflection
Might have saved me from such fate,
But the lust of bridge had gripped me.
And, alas, it was too late.

And ever the cards before me
Seemed luring me on to play,
And the currency, gleaming and going,
Seemed to lift and bear me away.

And I bid when I should have bridged it,
And bridged when I might have bid,
And only the god of the foolish
Knows the mad, sad things I did.

And ever the play went wilder,
And the cards still wilder went,
And I the wildest of any—
For I risked my last red cent.

How often, oh, how often,
In the good old days long past,
I had played on at bridge at midnight,
And raked in the pile at last.

How often, oh, how often,
I prayed in a tense aside,
I might bear away in my pocket
That pile so deep and wide.

But the game was dead against me,
I'd lost my luck at the play,
And the debts there laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could pay.

With my coin all fallen from me,
I left in the cold gray dawn,
Deep cursing the bridge at midnight,
And wondering what I could pawn.

—Judge's Library.

A Woman Archaeologist's Work.

INTERESTING, but rather lonely work, is that undertaken by Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, the archaeologist, on the Isle de Sacrificios. This little island, or coral atoll, lies about three miles from the shore, off the port of Vera Cruz. Is but one mile and a half long by about one-eighth of a mile wide, and its sole vegetation consists of two coconut palms. On this dot in the ocean Mrs. Nuttall will reside for some time in furtherance of a scientific mission which she has been asked to undertake by the Mexican Government.

On a casual visit which she made not long ago to the island, Mrs. Nuttall discovered a fragment of an old wall, and upon uncovering it saw that its surface was covered with mural paintings done in red on a white ground. Broad steps were also discovered, buried in the sand, and indications that the buildings extended further.

This find Mrs. Nuttall immediately reported to the Government who showed their interest in the discovery for asking her to continue the investigations under her own personal supervision and by allowing her a small sum toward defraying the necessary expenses of labor, says the Mexican Herald. Mrs. Nuttall, on account of the interest which she feels in all matters pertaining to Mexican archaeology, consented to remain on the island until the ruins have been completely laid bare or until it is proved that the fragments already discovered are the sole remains of what originally was doubtless a large temple.

The only buildings on the island are a lighthouse and a lazaretto, the latter, however, being unoccupied, and in the detached portion of which, formerly the doctor's quarters, Mrs. Nuttall will live, attended by one maid and a mope. Laborers will be procured from the mainland.

Mrs. Alice Tiernan, who, with her husband, is practicing law in Memphis, is said to be the first woman lawyer to practice in the criminal courts of Tennessee.



His Discovery.

ONCE upon a time in a Toronto newspaper office—what office doesn't really matter—there was a reporter who had very pronounced ideas upon the subject of matrimony. And being a generous soul he was willing to share these ideas with any one who would accept them—at least he was always willing to discuss them upon every possible occasion.

Needless to say he was a bachelor, for a married man usually keeps his ideas about matrimony to himself—especially if they are pessimistic. But the newspaper man in question had built up a theory on the subject and he was willing to discuss it especially with those of his friends who had taken wives unto themselves.

"You see," he was wont to say, "when once fairly launched upon the topic, 'you see matrimony is all right if a man asserts himself. The true secret of being happily married is to break a woman's spirit, and then there will be plain sailing in the future.' This was the view of the domestic problem which he advanced to his married friends, and often he wondered why they failed to endorse it with that enthusiasm which he felt his discovery merited.

In the course of time fate and a good business offer conspired to remove him from Toronto to British Columbia, and while living there he fell for a "small town girl," and shortly after wedding cards were in order.

Time continued to pass on and for some reason or other it was a good many moons before he found his way back to Toronto. Having been met, and congratulated and his thirst effectually quenched, he fell into conversation with an old associate who still cherished a memory of the matrimonial theory of his friend of other days.

All sorts of questions were discussed but little by little the Toronto man managed to work the subject round towards matrimony. And the former man of theory fell for it and spoke in glowing terms of his wife.

"And have you broken her spirit yet?" queried his friend.

"Well," said the other slowly and somewhat thoughtfully, "well, old chap, I find that is a somewhat gradual process."

What She Wanted.

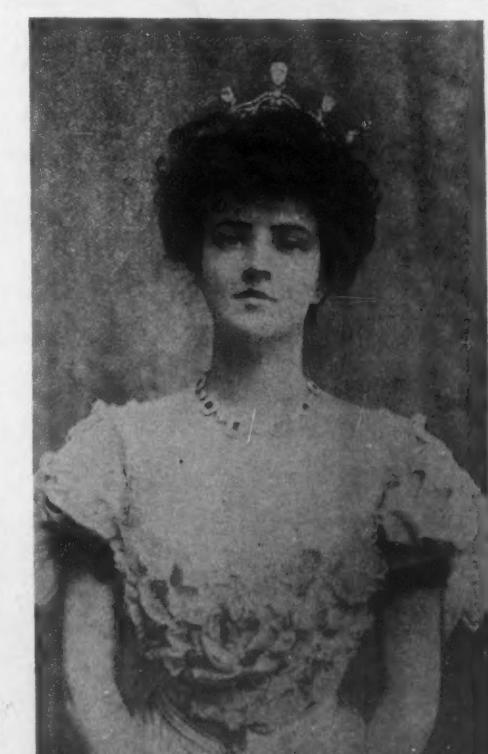
THERE is a little girl in Ottawa, the daughter of a prominent hotelman, who was recently compelled to go to the hospital to be operated upon for appendicitis. She got through the ordeal well, but not being able to persuade the doctor to let her see what the appendix was like, made up her mind that the next best thing to do was to exchange experiences with some other victim of the surgical enemy of the appendix. Consequently she pleaded for days with both nurse and doctor that she might have a talk with some one else who had undergone the same ordeal. One day her desire was gratified. The nurse ushered into the private ward a weakly looking young man, who was just recovering from his operation, and naturally expected Marjorie to venture upon some question as to how he liked being cut up or something to that effect. Instead, she merely put out her little arm from under the coverlet and said:

"Put it there, pard."

Mrs. Russell Sage is said to have distributed more than \$150,000 during her recent trip through Texas. The little town of Uvalde received \$20,000 for an orphan asylum and school; El Paso, \$25,000 for a hospital fund; Brackettville, \$15,000 toward the fund of \$50,000 for a sanitarium which it is struggling to raise; Pecos, \$15,000 for a school fund, and Boerne, \$10,000 for a sanitarium. Other small places received from \$1,000 to \$3,000 each for hospitals or schools.

Queen Alexandra has a little pearl brooch, the gift of the late Lady Cadogan. It is set with a single pearl of great size which was discovered in an oyster taken from the oyster beds at Clifden, County Galway.

The newly appointed superintendent of the Physicians and Surgeons Hospital at Wilmington, Del., is Miss Mary Gunther, of Philadelphia.



MRS. ROBERT GOELET.

One of the American women who are as well known in Paris and London as in New York, Mrs. Goelet is a daughter of the late Mr. E. H. Harriman. Her husband's sister is the Duchess of Roxburghe. Mrs. Goelet, who is noted for her good looks, is a most accomplished hostesswoman.



A FAVORITE OF FORTUNE.

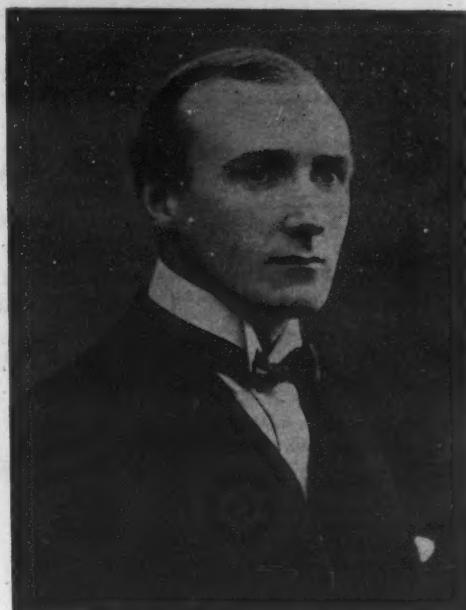
The Hereditary Grand Duchess Marie-Adelaide of Luxembourg, eldest daughter and heiress of the reigning Grand Duke.

Letters of a self-made Woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE:

We have just arrived home, and find the house in great confusion. The little maid went away on Saturday and married the chauffeur, who has gone to uncle and aunt with the car! So your father and I have decided to shut up the house and go back to Atlantic City, where we had such a happy Easter. It was delightful to be with you two girls, and hear all your opinions and ideas, and I am so glad you had that talk with your father about married women's rights. It was funny to hear you acknowledge that you'd never really thought about the higher meaning of marriage, and I was once more amazed at your father's clear, wise, convincing way of putting big thoughts into very few words. He should be in some college where men really want to learn. He is always so quiet and yet so practical. And so, Annie, we will let the subject rest. It began in your father's little joke about the only thing in the future he wasn't sure about, his son-in-law, and it ended in your declaration that you'd never give him one, so we have nothing further to speculate on in that direction. What funny people we had in our hotel in Atlantic City, and how little good some of them seemed to get from the sea and sky and sunshine! We are going back very quickly indeed, and to another hotel, where we are sure not to meet anyone from home. Hotels are horrid places, one of the things one has to put up with (and at) but like sleeping cars, the more money you spend in them, the more uncomfortable you can be. You know the drawing room in the sleeping car is just over the wheels! But to return to those people in the hotel, I don't know which was the more amusing, the family that was there for the twentieth time for Easter, or the new people who tried to get ahead of them. The struggle for that particular dining-table and the way the twenty year guests raved because the new people got it, and then the series of glares and encounters between the old and young members of the families, were constant studies to me. I was rather glad that you knew the girls belonging to the twenty year guests, and though your father knew the new people, I managed to keep clear of all of them. I love to see you and our little musician together, Annie. Anything or anyone to be good to always seems to bring out the very best points in your disposition. And it is a gift, being able to do generous and kind things for people and make them enjoy taking favors. I believe if you had been trying, instead of I, to arrange for my dear lady and her children to come to Atlantic City for Easter, you would have succeeded, while as you know, I failed. How it discourages one to have more money than one can spend, and not be able to give it to persons one loves. I wonder if my dear lady is at all aware of how much she has done for me, in steering me clear of social *fauves*, and giving me the right viewpoint about society? If she is, surely she knows I owe her more than mere money could repay! Perhaps that is why she is averse to letting me spend money on her. Now that we have given uncle and aunt the car, I cannot even take her out for the drives she enjoyed so much, but she is just as dear and affectionate and the children are as attentive and sweet to me as ever.

Your father is undertaking a big piece of work in Germany, and he says to tell you that it may be possible we shall spend the summer, say, in the Black Forest, to be near enough to see him every week-end. So the trip around the world must wait until next year. Brush up some German, Annie, in preparation for our possible summer. I am glad now that you prefer it to French. It may be that we shall make an aeroplane excursion, as they are beginning next month with trips, which by June or July will probably be quite stale and unprofitable to sensation-seekers. It was too amusing to hear uncle on the airships. He says the only thing he'd be afraid of, if one went up thousands of feet, above the clouds and out of sight of earth would be that one might not be able to find the earth again! Aunt says those highfliers never think of that! Evidently Sir Isaac Newton would have two promising pupils in our dear old relatives. But they are so happy fussing around the departmental stores (where they both had their purses stolen) and buying wagon fulls of all sorts of queer things that one couldn't bother them with laws of gravitation. I went with Aunt to the office in the store to report the loss of her purse, and you should have heard her description of its con-



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TO MARRY AN AMERICAN.

Guy Montague Finch Hatton, Viscount Maldon, who is to marry Miss Margaretta Drexel of Philadelphia.

tents. She hadn't more than half got through when a voice said, "We've got it. Turned in by the mantle department, where a lady put it in the pocket of coat she was trying on." Aunt insisted on going back to the coat section and thanking the saleslady who had found it, and I heard her asking her to tea on Sunday. The girl seemed delighted, and promised to be there sharp at six, as they were going to church after. I couldn't help feeling rather glad that Aunt is safe under her own roof, where she can dispense hospitality to strangers as she chooses. She's a dear old soul, and is sending you a pair of bedroom shoes she says remind her of you.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

How a Goethe MS. Was Found.

STRANGE and almost romantic is the manner in which an important Goethe MS. was discovered in Zurich the other day. One of the pupils of the Canton School informed his teacher, Professor Billetter, that his father had in his possession a manuscript dating from the time of Goethe. As soon as Professor Billetter began to dip into this MS., he recognized it, to his great surprise and delight, as the original text of the novel "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," all trace of which had been lost, and which was supposed to have been destroyed long since. The MS. consists of six volumes, its genuineness has been well authenticated; it came into the hands of its present possessor, Herr Schultheiss, through that Frau Babette Schultheiss who is well known as having been a friend and almost a mother to Goethe. Goethe presented her with a copy of Wilhelm Meister in its original form, and this must have been the same copy as the one he is known to have sent to his mother, and which is described as consisting of six volumes of MS. The reason why the handwriting remained so long unrecognized is that it was provided with a misleading title. In order to realize the importance of this discovery, one must bear in mind that, like Faust, Wilhelm Meister was fated to accompany the poet during the greater part of his life. Goethe was not thirty years old when he dictated the first part of this romance in 1777, and his life was not far from its close when he published the last part of the "Wanderjahre." Consequently Wilhelm Meister and Faust may be considered as the poet's life-work more than any other of his creations. It was Goethe's intention to give the history of his own mental development in this novel. This being the case, it naturally follows that the available materials increased in proportion to his age. We know, for instance, how his acquaintance with certain persons gave rise to the creation of certain characters in the romance: how he was continually collecting data for Wilhelm Meister on his various journeys; how he conceived his figure of Mignon while in Italy; and how he came by the idea in Rome of incorporating all the impressions which he received there in his work. This explains how it is that the romance greatly exceeded its original limits. In its original form—the MS. which has just been discovered in Zurich—the romance was entitled "Wilhelm Meister's theatralische Sendung," and was intended to show how the hero, who believed himself to have a call for the stage, was cured of his madness by a practical insight into the theatrical life of the day, and how he finally returned to private life.

According to tradition, Goethe's mother is said to have informed Ludwig Tieck, the poet, that the romance originally ended with Wilhelm Meister's marriage. In this work Goethe showed how he, the untrammelled poet finally determined to undertake practical duties connected with the court and municipal life of the town of Weimar. It was not until a later date that the leading idea of the novel was, at Schiller's earnest demand, increased far beyond its original scope.

An additional interest is added to this discovery by the fact that well qualified critics, who had occasion to read this first conception of the novel, gave it the preference over the more complete work. Wieland, for example, was of the opinion that the work was more life-like in its original form; it is also well known that Prince August of Gotha greatly preferred the original version of this romance. Herder, too, who subjected the work in its final form to severe and unmerited criticism, was far more lenient in his opinions of the original work. In this first version of the work will be found, without doubt, many of Goethe's opinions concerning the theatre and the art of acting; opinions which, acting on Schiller's advice, he either considerably modified or left out in the later version. It is probable that the work in its original dress will contain all that force and youthful freshness which the first version of Faust, discovered years ago by Professor Erich Schmidt, shows in comparison with the later edition. The original Faust has been added to all modern editions of Goethe's works, and it will not be long before this original text of "Wilhelm Meister," which is being edited by Harry Maync, the Professor of Literature at Berne, will be added to Goethe's works.

Some Quaint Epitaphs.

OLD cemeteries often prove to be interesting places. A study of tombstones that have stood for many years

nearly always results in the discovery of some odd sentiment, or quaint expression, which, while it was seriously intended by whoever was responsible for its appearance on the stone, brings a smile to the lips of one who reads it without sentiment and lacking any knowledge of the one whose grave it marks.

In an old cemetery in Portland, Maine, are many quaint epitaphs, some of them dating back as far as 1660 and almost undecipherable. One stone, which bears the date of 1740, is inscribed:

"Go home, my friends, and dry your tears!

I must lie here till Christ appears!"

The local seafaring atmosphere is preserved on a stone over the grave of a sea captain who died in 1785:

"Boreas winds and various seas

Have tossed me to and fro;

In spite of both, by God's decrees,

I harbour here below.

Where I do now at anchor ride

With many of my fleet,

Yet once again I shall set sail

My Admiral, Christ, to meet."

In some cases the stones are not wide enough to allow for the full length of the line, and the sculptor has resorted to some strange makeshifts, as in the case of a stone erected in 1806 over the grave of an infant of two years:

"Short, yet how pleasant was his visit he-

re. He's now removed to grace some nobler sphere

low There...while...thy much loved parents mourn be-

ow."

Thou happy child shall not their sorrows kn-

Then, too, there are certain inscriptions that seem to be especial favorites with the stonemason or his customers, and the following appears four times on different stones in close proximity. (The names given here are substituted for the originals):

Josephine,

Wife of John Blank, Esq., laid aside

her material body

May 1, 1850,

and rose in complete human form to fullness of life in the spiritual world where all are associated by the affinity of their states and the congeniality of their spheres.

The person who invented that epitaph was evidently positive that the spirit rose in human form, whereas, the first quoted said plainly: "I must lie here."

One of the most interesting is a double tombstone over the graves of two young men, both of whom died on March 23, 1760, and both at the age of 26 years. After setting forth these facts, the carver inscribed the



TWO SPANISH SOLDIERS.

The little sons of the King of Spain in military dress. The Prince of the Asturias is wearing an infantry uniform, while the Infante Don Jaime is wearing that of the artillery.

following, the capitals being used exactly as here given, says The New York Times:

"Virtue first taught their early Life to bloom,

And gave a Prospect of the Joys to come

Swift as their Years increased, each sparkling Grace

Shone with fresh Lustre in its native Face

Like some fair Tree, that free from Storms had stood

The pride and Envy of the thriving Wood.

Conspicuous thus they saw the vital Light

Joy to the heart and pleasures to the Sight,

While Friendship's mutual charms they would pursue

Faithful as Castor and as—true.

Such virtue in such youthful Breasts arise,

Heaven viewed with wonder and with Surprise.

'Such social Souls (she said) so firmly joined

To know a parting Pang were ne'er design'd.'

'Come (she reply'd) ascend the limpid Air,'

And her Bosom snatched the lovely pair."

With all that wealth of poesy, punctuation and abbreviations, poor Pollux was left out! We wonder if it was because the carver was shaky on his history and intended to come back and insert the name later!

One of the most puzzling is on the stone erected over the grave of a sea Captain some thirty years ago. It reads in the customary way: "Here lies Captain —, died May 21st, 1872, aged 49 years," but directly beneath, on the same stone, is: "And here lies Mary —, his widow, who died —."

Now, did Mary refuse to die after a suitable period, or did she again embark on the sea of matrimony under a new captain? The custodian of the cemetery does not know, but of one thing he is positive, Mary is not there!

It has been estimated that the fertile lands of the globe amount to 28,000,000 square miles, the steppes to 14,000,000, and the deserts to 1,000,000. Fixing 207 persons to the square mile for fertile lands, ten for steppes, and one for deserts, as the greatest population that the earth could properly nourish, the conclusion has been arrived at that, when the number of inhabitants reaches about 6,000,000,000, our planet will be peopled to its full capacity. At present it contains a little more than one-quarter of that number. If the rate of increase shown by recent censuses should be uniformly maintained, it is thought that the globe would be fully peopled about the year 2072.

Old Friends and New



Oft in the Stilly Night.

OFT in the stilly night,

Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,

Fond memory brings the light

Of other days around me;

The smiles, the tears,

Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken;

The eyes that shone,

Now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,

Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,

Sad memory brings the light

Of other days around me.

When I remember all

The friends, so linked together,

I've seen around me fall,

Like leaves in wintry weather;

I feel like one,

Who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled,

Whose garlands dead,

And all but he departed!

Thus, in the stilly night,

Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,

Sad Memory brings the light

Of other days around me.

—Thomas Moore.

Past and Present.

I REMEMBER, I remember

The house where I was born,

The little window where the sun

Came peeping in at morn;

He never came a wink too soon

Nor brought too long a day;

But now, I often wish the night

Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember

The roses, red and white,

The violets, and the lily-cups—

Those flowers made of light!

The lilacs where the robin built,

And where my brother set

The laburnum on his birthday—

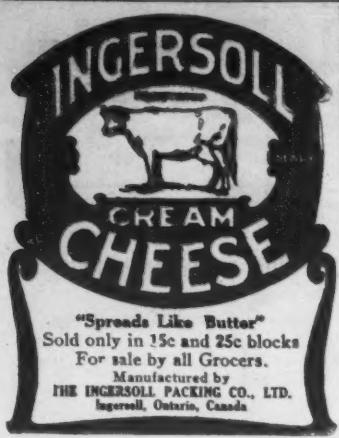
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember

Where I was used to swing,

And thought the air must rush as fresh

To swallows on the wing;



TORONTO SOCIETY

THE marriage of Miss Elaine Hodgins, eldest daughter of Mr. Frank Hodgins of Cloynewood, and Mr. John Holger Dornerville de la Cour, was celebrated on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, in St. Simon's Church, Howard Street, the rector, Rev. Edward Cayley, assisted by Rev. Ernest Wood, officiating. The church was beautifully decorated, tall white and gold cornucopias brimming with Easter lilies and roped in festoons with heavy white cord made a fragrant floral way for the coming of the dainty bride, and the festal white hanging with scores of Easter lilies decorated the beautiful carved altar, which is a thanks-offering from the bride's father on his recovery from a serious illness, and was set up just in time for the Easter services. The boys' choir preceded the bride's procession to the chancel, singing a nuptial hymn, and followed by the four ushers, Mr. Acton Fleming and Mr. Tiffany Macklem, cousins of the bride; Mr. Lockhart, and Mr. Heightington, Mr. Hodgins' law partner. A tiny golden-haired flower girl, Miss Estelle Hodgins, stepsister of the bride, and Miss Betty Hodgins, of London, cousin, the little daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Will Hodgins, were dressed alike in white embroidered muslin frocks with peach-basket hats of frilled lace, mauve ribbon and tiny sprays of flowers, and carried bouquets of mauve sweet peas. Miss Gypsy Grasett and Miss Gwendolyn Darling were bridesmaid and maid of honor, in smart gowns of mauve mouseline and mauve tulle hats wreathed with mauve flowers. Their bouquets were of mauve sweet peas. They wore the groom's gifts of peridot and pearl pendants on gold chains. The bride, whose dainty features and slight, graceful figure are most attractive, wore an ideal bridal gown of white embroidered chiffon, mounted on taffeta, the embroideries comprising true lover knots, wreaths and delicate sprays. A little half wreath of orange flowers and heather and a most gracefully arranged tulle veil completed her costume, and the beautiful diamonds sparkling in her ears were the groom's wedding gift. The bouquet was a large sheaf of Easter lilies. Mr. Hodgins brought in his daughter and gave her away, and the service was semi-choral. Mr. Bartels, of New York, was best man. After the ceremony, the bridal party and guests crossed the ravine to Cloynewood, where Mrs. Hodgins received some two hundred guests, and looked very well in a grey brocaded gown and becoming grey hat. Mrs. J. George Hodgins was an honored guest and wore a golden brown, brocaded silk and hat to correspond. Dr. and Mrs. Hodgins sent the bride a handsome cheque, and among her splendid presents were a cabinet of silver from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, a couple of beautiful Chinese embroidered tablecloths from Mr. Harlo Fleming, several handsome pieces of jewelry and a great deal of fine silver. The gifts were arranged in the dining-room, and the déjeuner was served in an immense marquee on the lawn—the unprecedented warmth of the weather making summer suits and al fresco entertaining most delightful. The table was decorated with Easter lilies and the merry company, mostly intimate friends and relatives, had a very mirthful time, until the little bride said good-bye and went to change her finery for her quiet traveling suit of grey with black hat trimmed with pink roses. There were no healths formally proposed, but the "bubbles in the glass" rose to many fervent wishes for good luck and prosperity to the bride and groom in their South American life. Mr. and Mrs. de la Cour will be back for a flying visit after their honeymoon, and will then go to Scotland before they settle down in Rio. Cables from "Auld Reekie" and from Brazil were received with congratulations and good-wishes. Friends of the bride missed her younger sisters, Dorothy and Lucille, who are now at school in Switzerland, and one of whom will, I believe, make her debut next year. A few of the guests at the wedding were Colonel and Mrs. W. Hodgins of London, Colonel and Mrs. Lyons Biggar of Ottawa, Mrs. Denison and Miss Denison of Rushdon Villa, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. Featherston Osler, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. Hood, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Miss B. Sprague, Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lockhart, Mrs. Colin Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcockson Baldwin, Mr. Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waldie, Mrs. Bertie Cassells, Mrs. Willie Blake, Miss Helen Blake, Mrs. and Miss Jessie Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Elaine Machray, Mrs. Bertram Denison, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, the Misses Von Hagel, Mr. and Mrs. Hollway, Mr. and Mrs. James George, Mr. and Mrs. W. George, Mrs. McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. Len McMurray, Miss Mara, Mr. Louis McMurray, Miss Norah Warren, Miss Patti Warren, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne, Mrs. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Darling, Miss Heron, Miss Cayley, Mrs. Tyrell, Miss Adele Hammar, Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mr. Leonard Case, Miss Merritt, Miss Edyth Kay, Mr. Symons, Mrs. and Miss Jean Alexander, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mrs. Keating, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mr. D. Macklem, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Strachan Johnston.

ter, will come to Toronto for a few weeks on a visit to her parents, Colonel and Mrs. J. T. Delamere, Cecil street, before going to the West to reside.

Major and Miss Sophy Michie are going to Atlantic City for a few weeks shortly.

Mrs. Hamilton, who is in Orillia with her grandchildren, will shortly come to Toronto, where she will probably take up house. Since the death of her daughter, Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, she has been consoling and caring for the little ones, who will come back here with her.

Miss Dora Mavor has come from Boston to take the leading part in Miss Catharine Merritt's play, "A Little Leaven," next Wednesday evening, at the Alexandra. A dress rehearsal was given last Tuesday night in Broadway Hall.

The musical competition for the Governor General's trophy will include the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra, the present holders of the trophy. The London Orchestra, the Peterboro Operatic Company in The Geisha, and the Peterboro Conservatory Madrigal Club, with choirs of St. John's Church, St. Paul's Methodist Church, and Bloor Street Presbyterian Church. Seventy-four entries are in for the solo class, which will be carefully weeded out, and the selected soloists will be heard on each evening in turn. It ought to be interesting.



A FUTURE PEERESS.

Miss Mildred Ridgeley Carter, whose engagement to Viscount Acheson was recently announced, is the only daughter of the American Minister to Roumania, formerly First Secretary of the American Embassy in London. Lord Acheson, who is thirty-three years old, served in South Africa from 1899 to 1902.

her debut last fall, received with her mother. Miss Gianelli spent part of the season in Louisville, Ky., where she had a round of gaieties rivaling our own busy season just closed. On Thursday Mrs. Gianelli received in her dainty yellow drawing-room, where daffodils were the flowers chosen for decoration, wearing a net sequined gown in cream and gold; and Miss Gianelli wore her debutante gown of ivory satin and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Norman Northcote matronized a quartette of pretty girls, who assisted in the tea-room. They were Miss Evelyn Harcourt Vernon, Miss Muriel Harley Smita, Miss Gladys Parry, and Miss Edith Snelgrove. The tea-table was decorated with Easter lilies and greens.

Miss Phoebe Macpherson, of Montreal, is in town for a short visit.

Mr. George Beardmore entertained at dinner at Chudleigh on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Whipple is spending Easter week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod, 26 Crescent road. On Tuesday afternoon a number of friends were invited to tea to meet the visitor, and a very pleasant hour was enjoyed.

Mrs. and Mrs. Harry Gamble are spending some weeks in Bermuda. Mrs. Fraser Macdonald is in Atlantic City, Mrs. and Miss Godson, Avenue Road, are in Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Campbell are going abroad for the summer. Mrs. and the Misses Wishart have gone to Germany. Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt is in Mt. Zion City. Mr. and Mrs. Suydam have gone to Atlantic City. Miss Winnie Hoskin sails for England to-day.

Friends of Dr. Lionel Pritchard of Bay Roberts, New foundland, formerly a Toronto boy and Varsity graduate, were interested to hear by cable that the stork had left Mrs. Pritchard a baby girl last week. Mrs. Pritchard was Miss Muriel Smith, of St. John's, and since her marriage last year she has been a most hospitable hostess to Torontians who happened to spend a short while in the pretty town on the bay.

The programme for the dramatic events of the Governor-General's competition was out early in the week, and is arranged as follows: Monday, April 4, "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats; presented by The Associate Players of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression. Tuesday, April 5, "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Charles Dickens; presented by The Dickens Fellowship. Wednesday, April 6, "A Little Leaven," by Miss Catharine Merritt; presented by Miss Catharine Merritt's Company. Thursday, April 7, "A Country Mouse," by Arthur Law; presented by Toronto Associate Players. Friday, April 8, "The Beefs," by Leopold Lewis; presented by The Montreal Thespians. Saturday, April 9, "Jack Straw," by W. Somerset Maugham; presented by The London Dramatic Company.

Mr. Harry O'Brien, of Ottawa, spent the Easter vacation with friends in town.

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Article No. 8—By E. H. GURNEY

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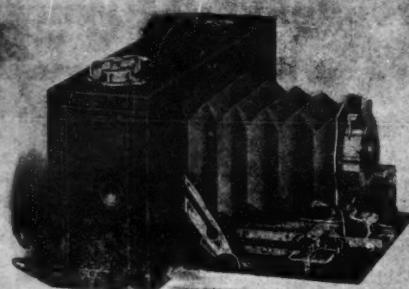
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OVER a quiet by-street of this city, there brooded an air of untidiness; an unkempt strip of grass, much trodden by little careless untrained feet, never a flower in a window, never a window set wide open, all looking indeed, as if the sashes were nailed or glued to the sills. Rarely did the man or woman of any house sit out upon the ill-painted door steps, when supper was over and a breath of cool evening air was stirring. Instead you might see the gas blazing in the stuffy parlor, or oftener up-stairs where a baby wailed or the mother sat at her machine or reading the paper. It was the dustiest, forlornest, most sordid street you ever looked upon, when the little woman moved into it. As her nice little sticks of furniture and tidy trunks were unloaded and carried in, several of the baby boys and girls of the block stood gaping and quarreling, the older ones pushing one another about with sudden sprawls and resentful screams, the smaller ones holding hands and sucking a



MISS ADELE GIANELLI.

grimy thumb as they superintended the transportation of the little woman's goods and chattels from the van to unknown regions out of sight of babies. The little woman herself was as busy as a bee, and had every window wide open, and the men paid and the van away in less time than seemed possible. Some of the babies toddled right up to the steps and she suddenly pounced out upon them with the most glorious sugar sticks in white and red, which they grabbed silently and scuttled home with, not waiting for manners. The mothers of these babies looked languidly out to catch a glimpse of "the woman" who had thus enriched their young, but beyond a head tied up in a towel, now and then appearing at a window they saw nothing. In two days the little house was spic and span, and its shining panes and dainty frilled curtains made an oasis that cried shame on the surrounding desert. A new milk cart called at the clean wee house, and left milk in bottles, instead of pouring it from a pint measure into an open pitcher on a step or a window sill. A trim butcher boy came in wagons twice a week and a baker delivered loaves carefully done up in wrappers. Nothing was unremarked by the neighbors and every woman felt a sort of shame at her own untidy or shiftless management. By degrees the bottles of milk appeared on other steps, and the butcher and grocer called at other houses on Tuesdays and Fridays. One woman even painted her doorsteps a vivid blue, and sat up nearly all night watching stray dogs and anything else that might place a destroying foot thereon. Then the little woman got window boxes, and had a glorious lot of bloom and trailing vines and a couple of hanging baskets on brackets each side of the front door sill. She took great care of them, watering night and morning, and people passing hurriedly through the dingy street would stop and stare and linger to see the grand display. Then a flower barrow strayed into the street one morning and one woman who loved flowers, bought four pots of musk and set them on her window sill, and a second bought a scraggy hanging basket and suspended it on a hook beside her door, and watered it night and morning until it began to grow and thrive famously. When the landlord came to collect the rent, every tenant pointed to the fresh paint on the little woman's house, and begged for a daub or two of the same on shutters and door and window frames, or even a quart of blue for the door-

steps. And somehow the object lesson of the little woman's neat house struck home to that landlord, and there was an epidemic of green shutters and brown sills, and blue doorsteps until the street was fairly dazzling. Everyone made a brave dash for new curtains, and as soon as the paint was dry on the frames, windows were washed with enthusiasm. The lady with the four pots of musk achieved a window box, and although it was only draped with "Creeping Charlie" and filled with stunted geranium plants, it bore itself with quite an air. The men and women now sat out on their cerulean doorsteps and admired their green shutters, and the bit of grass got a sweep of a broom and a pail or so of water until it apparently caught a tint from the shutters. People would turn into the erst-while dingy little street, and loiter along on the shady side instead of dashing through at top speed. And when she went out on some errand the little woman would pat a baby on the curls and give one a picture, and another a cookie or a gum drop, and smile back at the smiling mother, and whisk round the corner after her business as if she hadn't a minute to spare, for she never stood still to talk, on the least provocation, as did everyone else. And when winter came, a lovely window full of scarlet geraniums rivalled the musk lady's yellow, and the sidewalk was absolutely snowless by eight a.m. and a little path made to the road for tradesmen in carts, instead of a narrow, grudging track as of old, until fear of fines got small boys and girls to work with fire shovels. To-day that little by-street is trim and neat, the people are sweeping off rubbish from the strip of grass, one small girl was pouring water on twenty feet of it, because it made it so green—in March! No one has preached good citizenship, nor the duty we owe to our property, nor has a word been said of counsel or fault finding. Merely, a couple of years ago, one little woman bought a house in a sordid neglected and dingy little by-street, and moved in!

LADY GAY.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, MARCH 31, 1910.
THE greatest interest was taken in the "Masque of Empire" which was opened on Tuesday by the Lieut. Governor of Ontario, at the Conservatory of Music, under the auspices of the I. O. D. E. This interesting entertainment, represents in a spectacular way, the might, majesty and extent of the British Empire. Speaking parts in the masque are taken as follows: Miss Stella Lintell, Britannia; Miss V. Crerar, Canada; Miss Helen Lowe, Newfoundland; Miss Conrad, Australia; Miss Biggar, South Africa; Miss Bennetts, Indian Empire. The part of chorus is being taken by Mrs. Elmore Richards. Booths representing the Colonies are in charge of the different chapters of the Daughters of the Empire.

A very enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Mrs. David Walker, Herkimer Street, for Mrs. Peterson, of Calgary. Miss Marion Findlay also entertained at the tea hour one afternoon for this popular visitor.

Miss Kathleen Draper, of Montreal, is the guest of Miss Jean Haslett, Park Street.

Mrs. Gibbons, of London, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. T. Counsell, Duke Street.

The Lieut. Governor of Ontario will attend the opening ceremonies of the new Y. W. C. A. building, which take place on April 12, 13, and 14.

Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Husband are spending Easter week in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Henderson have left for Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Baker, returned from Italy this week, having had a delightful trip.

Mrs. Cowdry, Toronto, spent the week end with her daughter, Mrs. Innes, Park street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hobson and Miss Dorothy Hobson, are spending the Easter season in New York.

Mrs. Alex. Gartshore was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday.

KATRINE.

SATURDAY NIGHT

To Our Friends and Readers---

In Distant British Columbia, a man sat down after reading SATURDAY NIGHT, and grasping the meaning of the fight we are making for clean citizenship, wrote us the following letter:—

Nicola, B.C., March 21, 1910.

Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Gentlemen.—Will you allow one of your B.C. subscribers, who has thoroughly enjoyed (and profited) by your recent exposure of those colossal fakes, perpetrated upon an unsuspecting public, by Munroe, Robertson, et al, to express his admiration for the manner in which you have taken this matter up, and brought to a successful conclusion the careers of the above mentioned fakirs.

Your work in this matter deserves the highest commendation, and I cannot adequately express my appreciation of your efforts. I further feel that the facts you have been giving to us, your subscribers, are deserving of the widest publicity, for the future protection of intending investors. I would like to see your circulation doubled, yes, more. If you will forward me subscription blanks I shall be glad to do what I can to extend your circulation in this section.

Again thanking you, and wishing you the fullest measure of success in the work you are pursuing, I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

Fred A. Howse.

We are receiving hundreds of such letters. This one is merely typical and from a far distant point. It is just such letters that make an independent and fearless paper possible. We do want subscribers, and their letters of encouragement. They give us both the sinews of war and the backbone to keep up the fight. And we assure you it is a very expensive fight. Investigation and exposure are costly. Law-suits are luxuries, and we are favored with more than our share. But the fight is worth while. To conduct a paper that stands for something is worth while. To render a genuine public service is worth while. To receive hundreds of such letters as the above is worth while.

Why not let us have you, the casual reader of this, with us too? Join the ranks of the sound, wholesome, red-blooded Canadians who believe in making clean dollars and have no sympathy with the parasites who live off the innocent and credulous.

Why not think this over now, and if you believe we are doing a work that is really worth while, and incidentally giving you the best weekly paper in Canada, say to us, "I am with you, old man. Here is my subscription."

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SATURDAY NIGHT

LIVING IT DOWN

By WARWICK DEEPING

SYNOPSIS.

Benjamin Heriot comes out of Reading gaol after serving his term. He is met by his friend Algernon Budd, who undertakes to cheer him up after his two years of imprisonment. They go up to London, and agree to dine at a fashionable restaurant.

CHAPTER II.

ROMINI'S was a place of many mirrors, mirrors that multiplied the tables at night, and reflected a multitude of lights glimmering into strange distances. Men and women at white tables stretched away down interminable vistas, waiters moved to and fro, the eye caught the glint of innumerable knives and forks, and the varied expressions of many faces. The complex glitter of the place had all the artificial brilliance of modernity. Nothing could be more restless and problematical than those mirrors, reflecting and multiplying a hundred moods and mannerisms, showing the glutton at twenty different angles, so that the double chin, the heavy cheeks, the mouth opening over the soup spoon, the rolls of fat at the nape of the red neck, could each and all be studied. Also those mirrors seemed to multiply the toilets, features and figures of the women for the declaration of each individual man. White shoulders, half-bare bosoms; the curve of the neck to meet the black, brown, or gold of the hair; the line of shadow between the shoulders rising out of the low-cut dress.

Romini's would have made an excellent market for slaves. Your Oriental had only to sit at his ease, sipping his wine, and he had a hundred women about him to be watched and judged. The contour of a bosom, the moulding of a profile, the full depth of a straight look of the eyes; all of these pleasurable studies could be enjoyed at all angles and at varying distances. It would seem as though mirrors multiplied the epicure's sensations, since he could watch the satisfying of a multitude of appetites, and contemplate the physique of numberless women.

Budd, Heriot, and the two friends had a corner table at Romini's that night, and when a man has lived on a prison diet for two years, the very smell of an *entree* may give him sheer physical joy. Heriot seemed to crowd all the delights of a civilized materialism into his consciousness that night. The very glitter of the place, the flowers, the silver, the glass, the chaotic colors, brought on an intoxicating joyousness that was as healthy as any boy's. He was hungry, too, grossly hungry. Never had mouth watered more greedily at the sight of the *hors d'oeuvres* in their dainty dishes. The fish seemed as white as snow, the sherry full of Spanish fire. He did not talk at first, but laughed, nodded, twinkled with his eyes. The soul in him had not risen as yet above the surface of his plate. But as the grosser need was satisfied, the finer fumes of wine spread through his brain, and raised in him other sensations. The stimuli from without worked more upon his eyes and nostrils than upon his palate. He grew conscious of perfumes, and of the white shoulders of many women.

Heriot found the piquant pallor of a French face growing more pleasurable with the bubbling of champagne. The talk at the table in the corner had been triangular at first, Budd, like a cavalier with rapier and cloak, engaging the stilettos of the two who attacked him on either hand. On his first coming into the great room the multiplicity of his sensations had smothered Heriot in a moving mist of materialism. He had been vaguely conscious that the other three were talking. His personality had not fused with theirs, but had drifted about the room, till hunger had condensed it upon his plate.

"Voila, Manette, mon pauvre ami, il est fatigue; c'est a vous, ma coquette. Cherchez l'amour."

And the little *retrouss'e* nose and the white teeth, the plaited bands of sable hair, the eyes that hid laughter behind a wistfulness as of virginal wonder, these were seen by Heriot without the help of any mirror.

They touched glasses.

"L'entente cordiale!"

She laughed as though that elusive sentimental catch-cry was deliciously and humorously descriptive of herself. Heriot hummed to her laughter like a glass stroked by a soft white finger. They looked at one another, half demurely, half doubtfully, yet with an inward gleam of physical understanding.

"Fantaisie à la Russe," such was the good comrade's chosen overture of the night's old comedy. Melancholy eyes, a broad white countenance, hands that moved slowly, lips that dropped sounds with a hesitating and attractive sloth. The "*dîne à quatre*" became a "*fête gaîante à deux*." the wine was in Heriot's

head. He was soon chattering like an excited boy.

Manette gave him grapes from her own plate. The purple fruit was like an amethyst set in a claw of ivory, held between her two fingers and her thumb. They chattered together, looking sideways into each other's eyes, and studying one another with a half serious and half-laughing curiosity that made the driest phrases sparkle. Once they reached out together to the dish, and the fingers touched over the red cheek of an apple. Heriot flushed from hand to head. The room needed no mirrors. He had the world at his elbow.

Heriot watched Manette's red lips fold over the fruit. There seemed something equally sensuous about the fruit and the mouth.

He began to tell her tales of his

head. He was soon chattering like an excited boy.

Manette gave him grapes from her own plate. The purple fruit was like an amethyst set in a claw of ivory, held between her two fingers and her thumb. They chattered together, looking sideways into each other's eyes, and studying one another with a half serious and half-laughing curiosity that made the driest phrases sparkle. Once they reached out together to the dish, and the fingers touched over the red cheek of an apple. Heriot flushed from hand to head. The room needed no mirrors. He had the world at his elbow.

She was patting a yawn back with the palm of her hand. Heriot turned, and they looked at one another.

"Sleepy?" he asked.

She showed her teeth in a smile, but the smile spread into an incipient yawn.

"Baillouse, baillouse!"

He bent over her suddenly in her corner, and closed the little yawning



For an hour or more Heriot walked in the rain, wandering along strange streets, without definite purpose, and feeling the grey gloom settling upon his soul.

Oxford days, such tales as a very young scamp or an old fool tells when the wine has brought him to bragging point. The escapades, splashed in with an impressionist verve, made Manette laugh, and when she laughed Heriot saw the white teeth between her lips.

"At Ox-ford, the young men are veree weeked," she said.

And this statement, which was neither witty nor wise, we will hope, struck Heriot as more brilliant than a Meredithian epigram.

Budd had glanced at his watch.

"We are late, my children, already," he said, looking prematurely old and sagacious with his plumpness and his bald, high forehead.

Heriot took a hot-house rose from the vase and pushed it by the stalk towards Manette's fingers.

"L'amour rouge," said the good comrade.

"Et—la bête d'or—aussi!" quoth Manette, as the bill came on a white plate.

Budd paid it, and perhaps Heriot did not see the curious gleam in the Frenchwoman's eyes.

They went out laughing. Heriot turned up the collar of Manette's cloak.

And where the empty coffee cups and the dessert plates lay amid the crumpled napkins, the petals of an over-blown rose fell upon the cloth. And in the mirrors no one would have missed the figures of those

It was a clear crisp night when a couple of hansom cars carried the four in the direction of Chelsea. The good comrade and Russian Olga were humming songs to one another, melancholy snatches of melody that suited their individual moods. They were rather drowsy, and not so hungrily alive as the two who followed in the second cab. Budd, energetically breezy in his normal hours, became lazy and romantic after he had drunk much wine. The Russian toned with much aesthetic lethargy. She was like a great white rose in the dusk of a summer night, a thing whose perfume and silent stealthy charm satisfied the Sybarite without a business of words.

As their cab turned into the last street, Heriot leaned forward and

mouth with his.

"Cher boufon," she said, when he let her speak, "it ees cold here; it will be warm—brilliant—you dare!"

When Heriot awoke next morning the room was still in darkness, and the silence of the night rung everywhere. And with the sudden coming of consciousness, that strange unreasoning dour that seizes on the mind at times at the moment of waking stirred in Heriot a vague sense of some imminent misfortune. He sat up in the bed feeling his throat clogged with a thick and rasping thirst. He put his hand to his head, for it was hot and dizzy and full of a dull pain. The dim room seemed to swim round him in the half darkness, so that he felt sick and giddy.

For some moments Heriot remained thus, letting his consciousness grope into a world of greyness, silence, and curious dismay. Then he remembered everything and sat rigid, hearing in the distance the occasional rumble of wheels, and the solitary footfalls of some solitary man. The physical nausea within him deepened into slow spiritual disgust. The air of the room struck him as fulsome and oppressive. The sour taste in his mouth aroused in him a primitive longing for cold, clean water, to drink it and splash it over his head and face. He slipped out of the bed, staggered across the room, and, pulling up the blinds, saw that the day was breaking.

Heriot stood and shivered, partly with the raw cold of the morning, for he had thrown up the window, partly with an inward sense of infinite depression. A feeling of strange distaste for the room in which he had slept made him gather up his clothes, grope his way into the vestibule, and so into the good comrade's "parlour." The blinds were up, and the first grey light of the morning filtered into the room. On the table lay a sloppy tray with glasses, fruit, and a decanter. The ashes on the hearth looked squalid and unclean, and the penetrating scent of the narcissi had a distasteful and cloying sensuousness. There was no colour in the room as yet. It was grey, shadowy, cold, yet calamitously real. Heriot began to sort his clothes, feeling utter depression gripping him as the light of the day increased.

His head ached and felt heavy, and his eyes might have been exposed for hours to the March dust of dry streets. Heriot found his way to the bath-room, and, stripping, he sliced cold water over head, face, and body. He felt better for it physically, but the spiritual nausea was not to be conjured. He went back to the sitting-room and began to dress, standing at the window and looking at the world beyond.

For the first time Heriot noticed that it was raining, and the grey atmosphere was full of a greyer drizzle that oozed down out of a heavy sky. There was no gleam in the east, only a rising murky light that seemed infinitely mournful and full of chill distress. The window looked out over formless masses of discolored brick, with dun-coloured chimneys showing no wisps of smoke. Below lay an open space, a yard with several vans ranged side by side under a high brick wall. Nothing moved there. Only the drizzling rain came down. And in the grey light Heriot saw rows of shrouded windows, opaque and white like blind and repulsive eyes clogged with the films of "cataract."

Life began to show itself before Heriot had finished dressing. Blinds sprang up at some of the upper windows. Footsteps clattered along the street. A man in a white macintosh appeared, and unlocked the gates of the yard opposite. Heriot heard steps upon the stairs. A key clicked in the lock of the "sport," and the door opened softly. The invaluable Slinders followed fast upon the

threshold.

He came in with the casual air of one thinking himself in solitary possession, and stopped with a surprised stare when he saw Heriot standing by the window. Slinders' civility was in abeyance only for one minute instant.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning."

"Wet morning, sir."

"Very."

Slinders went straight to the mantelpiece, where a white card had been propped against the clock. He read "Breakfast at ten" in his master's handwriting, and then returning to the table, gathered up the glasses and the debris on the tray, and glided off into the kitchen.

Heriot heard him bustling about there, and by the sound he guessed that Slinders was lighting the kitchen fire. He reappeared in a few minutes wearing a green baize apron, and carrying a housemaid's box, some paper, and a bundle of wood.

"You'll excuse me, sir, I 'ope?"

Heriot nodded as he sat on the back of an arm-chair and stared out of the window. Slinder's urbanity was without a flaw. His face might have been an expressionless mask; he knew that it was the first duty of a good servant to betray no moral sense where his master's private foibles were concerned.

Sliders pulled away the hearthrug and fender, and began to clean out the grate. He made far less noise over it than the average housemaid, and whisked the black-lead brush into awkward corners, without making that aggressive clatter that usually accompanies such a cleaning. Heriot, watching him over his shoulder, saw that Sliders was wearing gloves. White hands were necessary in the service of an epicure. In fact, the whole man had a bleached and unhealthy look as though he lacked proper egotistical vitality.

"Do you know the time?"

Sliders sat back on his heels.

"Somewhere about seven, sir."

"Thanks."

"Mr. Budd, sir, has ordered breakfast at ten. Can I get you a cup of tea sir? There's a fire in the kitchen."

Sliders' unmoral suavity added to Heriot's feeling of nausea. The man's face reminded him of a white-washed wall; there seemed nothing underneath it, not even a shadow of concealed contempt. Heriot had such an intense distaste for himself that morning that he would almost have welcomed a sneer on the mouth of this man. He knew Sliders was in all probability well aware of all that had happened, and to Heriot there was something repellent about the fellow who came in at the grey hours and uncomplainingly cleared up another man's leavings. Sliders was well paid for it, and he was a discreet and excellent servant, but to Heriot that morning there was a fifthness in the whole scheme.

"Bring me a cup of tea," he said.

"and a slice of plain bread."

"Bread, sir—and butter?"

"No butter."

"Certainly, sir, no butter. Marmalade?"

"Plain bread."

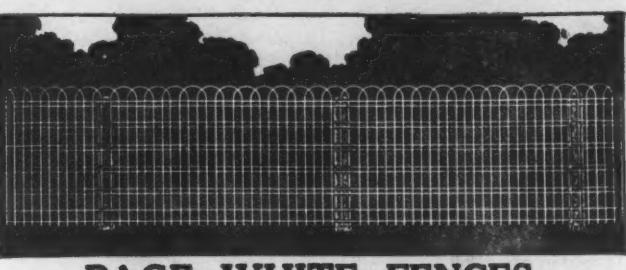
"Plain bread, sir. You shall have the tea in ten minutes."

Heriot sat down and laced on his boots. Then he went into the vestibule and took down the new raincoat that had been included in his outfit. Sliders appeared with the tea-tray, where a slice of plain white bread lay faddishly upon a handsome

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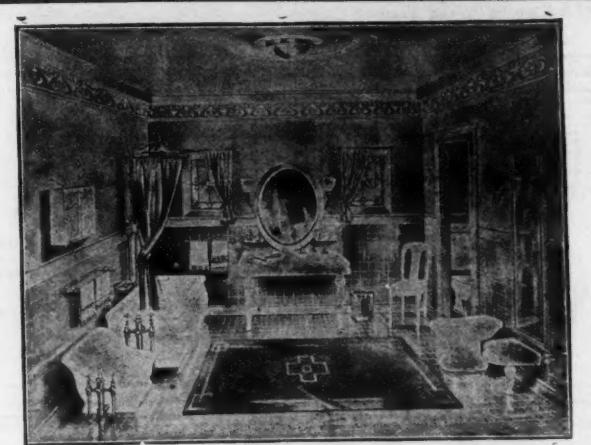
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Doulton plate. Heriot ignored him. "Anything else I can do for you, sir?"

"No—wait; I shall not be in to breakfast. Tell your master I have gone out on business."

"Yes, sir."

"I shall be back this evening."

For an hour or more Heriot walked in the rain, wandering along strange streets, without definite purpose, and feeling the grey gloom settling upon his soul. Night and morning! What an infinite contrast between the two! This deep depression was the inevitable reaction, and yet the morning's self-disgust seemed final and likely to prevail. The mere physical exaltation of yesterday had passed and left Heriot sodden and empty, and as miserable as the man who is the victim of some unconquerable sin. His senses had debauched themselves after their long imprisonment. He had found nothing more notable wherewith to celebrate his return to liberty than an orgy that had smothered any glimmerings of self-respect.

For Heriot saw all these things now in the grey light of a rainy morning. He was not merciful to himself, but hard, scornful, and very bitter. He would not suffer himself to see how reasonable and real had been the temptations of that first free night. He took himself by the throat in the grey of the morning, and threw epithets in his own face.

About nine he turned into a cheap eating-house, for Budd had lent him money the night before, but the greasy smell of the place made his throat contract, and he took nothing but a cup of indifferent coffee. Strolling on, he reached Hyde Park, and, skirting it, came into Oxford Street, where the pavements were alive with people going to their work. Moving amid these intent and necessitous figures, Heriot felt like a man in a foreign city. The impulse that sent this multitude into the shops and offices of the city had never moved Heriot one mile in his life. He had looked down on old with a sort of pitying altruism upon these workers, this cheap crowd whose very slang was cheap and paltry. But that April morning in the rain Heriot fell into a different reflection. These people were doing what he had never done, working for a living, earning their daily bread. Each self-centered figure had some purpose in life. They moved and vibrated, perhaps unconsciously, the living electrons in the elements of life and labor. Heriot found one more gibe to throw in his own face. He—he—a man with no more self-restraint than a spoilt and foolish boy, had looked down upon this dull-colored crowd that swarmed and toiled like thousands of black ants. "Commercial people," "the lower middle classes," "the great sea of mediocrities upon which the ships of the wise men sail." He had used such phrases of old, and he repeated them that morning, spitting them at himself with a kind of sneering ferocity. He had called these people "ants," but what was he himself? A May-fly, a bug, nay—rather a veritable parasite.

Heriot came to a crossing where a little old cripple stood with a broom. Heriot might have tossed the old fellow a penny in days gone by, and felt himself magnanimous; but he looked at the wrinkled face and the quick, money-seeking eyes with more respect that morning. The thing in its battered hat and its frayed clothes was doing something tangible for a living. The work done was no more than a few scrapes of the broom, but therein lay the infinite difference between the cripple and himself. These people of little means had a scourge laid upon their shoulders. Necessity drove them, perhaps

disciplined many of them—aye, in some cases created heroes who yet might never rise above a broom.

In the course of the morning, Heriot went to see George Lancaster, his solicitor, who had managed his affairs during those two years in prison. George Lancaster was nothing more than a typical elderly professional man, a man with a benign and alert beak of a nose, a healthy color, and an air of genial prosperity. Heriot had known him many years. Lancaster had acted as one of the trustees for the lad till the property had passed into Heriot's own hands. Lancaster had the instinctive tact of the true gentleman, despite the fact that he was always giving advice. He met Heriot as though he had seen him a week ago, and as though nothing of importance had happened; and being in no hurry to put Heriot at his ease, he showed that complete absence of embarrassment that does not embarrass.

The whole estate was in most satisfactory order. Lancaster produced accounts, handed over Heriot's bank-book, and a sum of money that he had drawn for the sake of his client's convenience. The lawyer kept carefully to the business aspect of the case, and yet that interview greatly deepened Heriot's depression. He had felt through it all that this kindly man of affairs had treated him as something a little better and a little worse than a child. Lancaster had not so much as ventured on to the fringe of ethics. Yet his sympathy, expressed by the tone of his voice, and by his fine courtesy, had betrayed to Heriot's sensitive self-contempt the true though generous trend of the elder man's thoughts. Lancaster would never have blundered into showing his pity, but the pity was there beneath the kindly surface. Heriot had felt it like some subtle magnetism in the air.

How he passed much of that day Heriot could have given no categorical answer. The bitter self-scorn passed with him, and he fell into depths of humiliation that were much akin to the darker moods of yesterday. His manhood seemed to shrink and to contract. He felt the old futile droop weighing upon his eyelids. He was too conscious of his shame and showed it, huddling himself into quiet side streets, morbidly afraid of the glances of passers-by. There was no heart in him, no courage, nothing but shambling self-contempt. He no longer had the spirit to deride himself; the truth was too real, too pitiful, too patient. He accepted it with miserable conviction of cowardice, and branded himself a wastrel and a fool.

Heriot met an old friend as he strolled back westwards, and the old friend appeared to cut him dead. It was one of those innocent rebuffs that are common enough in life. The man was walking fast, thinking of other things, and staring vacantly into the faces of those he passed. Heriot's face was not long enough before him to stir to life that particular cell that carried the memory of it. But Heriot, humiliated, ready to be cast off, took the innocent blow to heart. It turned his wavering cowardice into a kind of panic, and he had not even the moral courage to walk the rest of the way towards the good comrade's neighborhood. He hired a cab, lay back in the corner, and was carried where he would not walk.

Heriot met Slinders upon the stairs, and hurried by him, throwing a question as he passed. "Is your master alone?" "Yes, sir." And he found Budd reading before the fire.

Of what these two men said to one another neither of them could remember the whole, nor yet forget a



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part. Heriot sat in a chair with his head between his hands, his eyes glazed with a film of hopelessness such as one may see in the eyes of a dazed and dying man.

"It is no use; Budd," he had said, "I can't face it; I am a coward. You have done your best for me. I know what was in your mind, old man. But it's no use; it has only sent me into a deeper hell!"

Budd, that prematurely aged, facile tempered man, looked at Heriot, and saw in him a soul that was beyond

the philosophy of a careless pragman. The man would be saved or damned. There seemed no happy intermediate physical state for one who had touched the deeps as Heriot had touched them.

"Ben," he said, "I am sorry. I was wrong with you—last night."

Heriot's eyes seemed full of a piti-

ful mist. The self in me must work out its own damnation or its own heaven. I am a coward to-day, and to-morrow I may be a yet greater coward. But at least I can take myself where I shall not show my cowardice to others."

(To be continued).

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MUSIC

FTER a full table during the first two months of the present year, music lovers have been for some weeks starved prior to the concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra on March 24th. The untiring labor which Mr. Frank Welsman has devoted to his task as conductor this season is perhaps not quite appraised at its full value by Torontonians even yet. His position is not that of the conductor who takes hold of an orchestra composed largely of symphonic players, with a large permanent repertoire to fall back upon. He is building his repertoire as he goes along, and must, as it were, feel his way with each concert, drilling his performers in music which is in a large measure unfamiliar to them. How notably he has accomplished his task was demonstrated at the recent concert when two celebrated works of large dimensions and a third which demanded the closest and most intimate study of orchestral resource were on the programme.

The performance of the fifth, or "New World" Symphony of Antonin Dvorak was, I think, the third presentation of the work as a whole that has been heard in this city. Well does one remember its first performance here some fifteen years ago, under the baton of Theodore Thomas with an orchestra famous then as it is to-day for the exquisite perfection of its wind sections. The symphony proves its power and permanence as a musical achievement in the fact that with each fresh hearing it establishes as it were, closer relations with the receptive listener and unfolds more intimate beauties. The more important works of Dvorak and this symphony in particular have a haunting quality that lingers with the listener, so that his mind recurs to them and



Mischa Elman's bow.

bored and says so; the philistine expresses the opinion that high-class music is a fake; and after one or two hearings, the work which has cost so much in honest labor and aspiration, is shelved and forgotten. The whole difficulty was that the composer had really nothing to say that could not have been said in a brief symphonic poem or sketch. Dvorak never for a moment in this work at least, gives this impression, whatever may be the case with his four earlier symphonies, of which the writer knows nothing. From the first note to the last the work seems to possess spontaneous inspiration, at times, as in the Largo, it floods the senses with delicate and richly colored impressions, and is throughout intimate and suggestive. In the early nineties he was imported to New York by Mrs. Thurber to give tone and importance to the conservatory she had established there. He did not love America enough to remain on this side of the Atlantic, but he did find something that interested him deeply in the negro melodies which came under his notice. As a Bohemian, with Slavic blood in his veins, it is not wonderful that these negro themes, with their sensuous melancholy and by way of contrast, decisive savage rhythms, should appeal to him. Many years before the most original melodist that America has produced, Stephen C. Foster, found his inspiration in listening to the camp meeting songs of the negroes in Southern Ohio. Foster was a man intractable and untutored who actually refused those opportunities for the study which would have given him real power of expression, in the fear that it would rob him of his talent of its native quality. Dvorak coming to America with an open mind, turned to the source of Foster's inspiration, and found material in which he could delight. He treated it with all the skill and authority of a master workman in composition, and the result is a symphony classic in its grace of outline, and suffused with emotion. Not alone is it an achievement made lovely in tonal coloring by a master in the treatment of wind instruments, but vital and powerful in impulse also. The interpretation by Mr. Welsman was one worthy of very high praise. After his unique feeling for rhythm, this conductor's most notable characteristic is his delicate apprehension of the finer details of a composition. Those more intimate beauties of a well-written work which do not immediately reveal themselves, he brings out with a sure hand; yet he is never finicky but on the contrary, straightforward and vigorous. The tonal palette of Dvorak is one of the richest conceivable. His scores are not iridescent but they throb with warmth.

In his brilliant brochure, "The Symphony since Beethoven," Felix Weingartner dismisses Dvorak with a mere allusion, and says he may be considered a pupil of Brahms. The Brahms influence is apparent to the lay mind, chiefly in the symmetry and simplicity of his musical structure. In this symphony he has succeeded in putting new wine into old bottles without violence to the latter, or to put it differently, he has given vitality to a form some of his contemporaries regarded as outworn. The appeal of the "New World" Symphony is primarily due to the fact that the composer had really something to say. Many still-born symphonies give the impression that they have been composed in the following way: a noted musician reaches the position where he has learned all there is to know about the theory of composition and about modes of expression; he imagines that to attain the immortality all good musicians crave he must compose a symphony. He is haunted by melodic thoughts and harmonic details consciously or unconsciously absorbed from the masters among whom he spends his daily life. He blocks out his structure, and undertakes the task of filling it with an emotional content which shall inspire those who believe in him. He completes half of the first movement and then his inspiration gives out. He has announced a symphony, and feels bound, in self respect, to complete it. So he must go to work and use all the skill and knowledge and reminiscence with which his brain is stored to spread his material over four movements. He invokes the god of noise in the hope that by simulating a tonal phrensy, he will give the suggestion of profundity. He conceives the idea that his symphony symbolizes the soul of man wrestling with the cosmos. He conducts the symphony, his friends who are really stunned, express themselves as profoundly moved; the music lover at large is

tender tones and have a luscious beauty when given an adequate interpretation. In this symphony he relies on the wind sections for his effects in a fuller degree than do most composers and the graciousness of the orchestra's rendering of the exquisite passages for the horns and the wood-wind show the strides that the organization has made. Once or twice in some lovely melodic episode there were signs of faltering, but for the most part, the work went forward with infectious movement. The orchestra's rendering of the Vorspiel to Wagner's "Meistersinger" was also a fine vigorous performance. The splendid quality of the strings was demonstrated in the prize song passages and the whole of this marvellously wrought and perfect musical structure was played with a notable grace of detail and genuine gusto in the performance.

* * *

MISCHA ELMAN is the second great violinist the orchestra has brought to Toronto this winter and it had previously introduced him to this community. Earlier Fritz Kreisler played here and it cannot be said that the little Russian Jew succeeded in effacing the memory of the Austrian violinist's exquisite performance. It must be remembered, however, that Kreisler is a matured performer, and Elman, if authorities are to be trusted, is yet but a boy of eighteen. I think, however, that time will probably show the difference to be radical. Elman's natural gift is a superb virtuosic style and it is from the point of view of the virtuoso that he approaches a composition. Kreisler, on the other hand, is a profoundly satisfying interpreter, the beauty of whose message does not evanesce so soon as the concert ends, but lingers



"Souvenir de Moscow."

savors them for days after a concert.

In his brilliant brochure, "The Symphony since Beethoven," Felix Weingartner dismisses Dvorak with a mere allusion, and says he may be considered a pupil of Brahms. The Brahms influence is apparent to the lay mind, chiefly in the symmetry and simplicity of his musical structure. In this symphony he has succeeded in putting new wine into old bottles without violence to the latter, or to put it differently, he has given vitality to a form some of his contemporaries regarded as outworn. The appeal of the "New World" Symphony is primarily due to the fact that the composer had really something to say. Many still-born symphonies give the impression that they have been composed in the following way: a noted musician reaches the position where he has learned all there is to know about the theory of composition and about modes of expression; he imagines that to attain the immortality all good musicians crave he must compose a symphony. He is haunted by melodic thoughts and harmonic details consciously or unconsciously absorbed from the masters among whom he spends his daily life. He blocks out his structure, and undertakes the task of filling it with an emotional content which shall inspire those who believe in him. He completes half of the first movement and then his inspiration gives out. He has announced a symphony, and feels bound, in self respect, to complete it. So he must go to work and use all the skill and knowledge and reminiscence with which his brain is stored to spread his material over four movements. He invokes the god of noise in the hope that by simulating a tonal phrensy, he will give the suggestion of profundity. He conceives the idea that his symphony symbolizes the soul of man wrestling with the cosmos. He conducts the symphony, his friends who are really stunned, express themselves as profoundly moved; the music lover at large is

with one for days like a delicate perfume. Elman was really at his best in the unannounced number "Souvenir de Moscow," by Wieniawski, with which he closed his programme. It is a purely virtuosic work, composed by a virtuoso for virtuosi. The superb command of every resource of his instrument, his dash and his gusto, the thrilling brilliance of his harmonics were fascinating and dazzling. His remarkable genius for execution stirred every one to enthusiasm, but the memory that remains is not so much a musical reminiscence as the picture of a square-cut youth doing most astonishing things with a dazzling assurance, and certainty. In Gossec's "Gavotte," a charming phase of his talent—his humorous faculty—was delightfully revealed. The suavity and grace of the Saint Saens concerto in B minor have certain satisfying qualities, but if the music has any profundity of feeling Elman did not reveal it. His performance was as facile, as gracious and eloquent as the music itself. The composition impressed one with its symmetry and with the charm of its melodic figures. The balance between the solo utterance and the orchestral commentary is delightful but the whole impresses one as the exquisitely graceful utterance of something not very important. The pulse of deep emotion is lacking. This, indeed, is the unique gift of the Frenchman in all arts; to impress us so deeply by his harmonious manner of saying or expressing a thing, that the thing itself becomes a negligible quantity.

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—Of course, they will. It is not to be wondered at, after having been packed away all winter.
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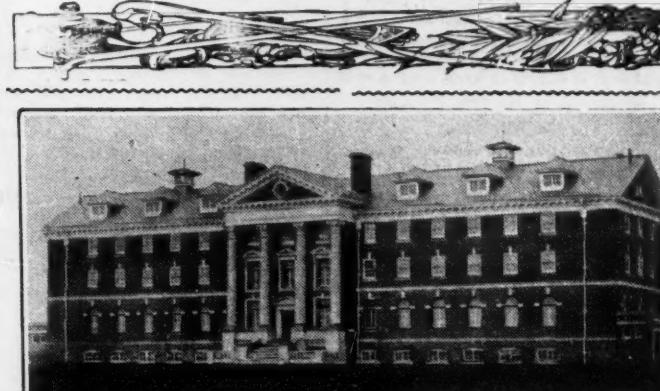
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Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.
BELL—On Wednesday, March 16, 1910, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell, 350 Queen Avenue, Westmount (Montreal). HORTON—On March 28, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Horton, Bank of Montreal, Port Hope, a daughter.

MUSSON—To the Rev. Harry S. Musson, Rector Church of the Advent, Louisville, Kentucky, and Gertrude Dudley Musson, a son, Thomas Dudley, on Maundy Thursday, March 24th, 1910.

TUDHOPE—On Easter Sunday, March 1910, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh R. Tudhope, Orillia.

MARRIAGES.
FOTHERINGHAM SWEATMAN—At Toronto, on March 29, 1910, Rev. James H. Fotheringham to Sophie Gladys Sweatman.

DEATHS.
LAIDLAW—Suddenly, at midnight, on Wednesday, March 23, 1910, at 7 Clarence crescent, John Günther, infant son of John Baird and Bertha Fredericka Laidlaw, aged nine months and twenty-three days.

THOMSON—At New York, on March 29, 1910, Robert Biggar Thomson, aged 84 years.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, March 31, 1910.

LAST week, being Holy Week, was very quiet socially in the Capital, the chief excitement being the arrival of a large number of home-comers and visitors, who came from various points to spend Easter with friends or relatives. In addition to the usual influx of young people who have come from their respective schools and colleges, those who arrived recently included Capt. and Mrs. Alan Palmer of Kingston, who are with Mrs. Palmer's parents, Lt. Col. and Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin, and Mrs. Hamilton Irwin, and Mr. Eric Irwin, who have also joined the family party; Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Cassels who came from Toronto to spend Easter with Judge and Mrs. Walter Cassels in Blackburn Ave.; Mrs. Beardmore of Toronto, who accompanied her daughter Mrs. Kingsmill on her return from Atlantic City; Rev. Harold Hamilton and his cousin, Mr. Crewe Hamilton who arrived from Lennoxville, Que., to spend Easter with the former's parents, His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton, who have also as their guest Miss Van Duyn of Pretoria, South Africa, a student at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue. Miss Winnifred Snider of Hamilton is spending a week or two with Mrs. Cunningham Stewart. Miss Aileen Smith, daughter of Dr. Lapthorn Smith, of Montreal is staying with her aunt Miss Laura Smith in Daly Ave. Miss Rose Richards of Swansea, Wales, has re-

prizes being won by Miss Edith Powell, Miss Fay Christie and Mrs. J. Franklyn Kidd. At the tea-hour additional guests joined the players and Mrs. T. Cameron Bate and Mrs. Frank Bate presided at the tea-table which was centred with a large crystal bowl filled with white lilies. Nieces of the hostess who assisted in the tea room were the Misses Norah and Phyllis McCullough, Miss Ethel Aldous of Winnipeg, Miss Fay Christie and Miss Alix Garvin. Miss Ethel Aldous, who has spent the greater part of the winter in Ottawa has left for Toronto, where she is the guest of Mrs. Parmenter.

The Earl and Countess of Laneshorough and Lady Eileen Butler have returned from a visit in New York, and left this week for Montreal to join the Vice-Regal party. They will accompany Their Excellencies to Toronto to be present at the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition. Mr. Arthur F. Sladen, Private Secretary to His Excellency, and Mrs. Sladen have also gone to Montreal to join the Vice-Regal party.

Mrs. J. J. Codville and her daughter, Miss Maud Codville, have returned from a visit of several weeks in Bermuda—Cadet Frank Codville of the Royal Military College, Kingston, is spending the holidays at home and has, as his guest two cadets, Mr. Henry Woodman of Winnipeg, and Mr. Donald Fisher of St. John, N.B. Mrs. George F. Hart of St. John, N.B., and her two little girls, are spending a month in town with Mr. and Mrs. Alex. D. Cartwright in Stewart St.

Mrs. Smith and Miss Leslie Smith of St. John, N.B., are the guests of Mrs. Smith's daughter, Mrs. Norman Guthrie, who entertained in their honor at a charming bridge party on Tuesday of this week.

Lt. Col. and Mrs. J. Lyons Bigger left at the week-end for London, Ont., to spend Easter as the guests of Mr. George Harris of Eldon House. Mrs. Casey of Toronto, Col. Bigger's sister, who has been their guest for a couple of weeks, is now with Mrs. E. Remon in Albert St.

Madam Albertini, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Clive Pringle for a fortnight left on Wednesday for her home in Cobourg, and Mrs. Pringle left on Friday for a visit of two or three weeks in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Charles A. E. Harris is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ryerson in Toronto, and will later go to Cobourg to remain a short time with another sister, Mrs. Dainty.

THE CHAPERON.



A CASE IN POINT.
"Yes, Mrs. Snoggs, I hoped as 'ow they would get tariff reform and make the foreign pay, as we've got one in our top-floor back and I ain't had nothin' of him for six weeks now!"—The Tatler.

turned from a visit to Montreal and is again the guest of the Misses Pennington Macpherson. Mr. Robert Carr-Harris came up from Montreal with his cousin Mr. Spencer Dale-Harris to spend Easter with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dale-Harris in Gilmour St. Mr. and Mrs. John Housser of Toronto arrived recently to spend a short time with their son, Mr. Harry Housser and Mrs. Housser.

Some of those who spent Easter out of town were, Mrs. Leslie Macoun and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Borden, who are in Boston; Mrs. Charles Moore, who is spending a week in New York; Mr. J. J. Gorham, Mr. W. H. Rowley, Mrs. Hugh Fleming and Miss Winifred Gormally who are also enjoying Easter in New York; Hon. George and Mrs. Riley of Victoria, B.C., who like a great many of the sessional visitors, took a jaunt during the Easter recess, and are visiting Buffalo, N.Y.; and Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr, who left for Toronto, to remain until the Senate meets again on April 6th; Miss Fay Christie left for Sarnia early in the week and later will go to Toronto for some time; Mrs. Drummond Hogg is spending two or three weeks at the Welland, St. Catharines.

One of the recent luncheons was that given by Mrs. Frank Oliver at the Country Club, at which the table was decorated with pink roses and maidenhair ferns. Among those present were: Mrs. W. G. Perley, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. Fred Carling, Mrs. W. B. Northrop, Mrs. Charles Reade, Mrs. R. H. Chapman, Mrs. J. C. Brennan, Mrs. Norreys Worthington of Sherbrooke, and her guest, Mrs. Frank Thompson of Montreal, Mrs. Casey of Toronto, Mrs. Geo. H. Barnard of Victoria, B.C., Mrs. Lawrence Power of Halifax, N.S., and Mrs. Fred Avery.

Another of the recent bright gatherings was Mrs. Gerald Bate's afternoon bridge party, which was made up of eight tables of players, the

MUSIC

Since Dr. Ludwig Wullner, the great interpreter of German song appeared in Toronto last, he has made return appearances in many United States cities and his tour has been a series of triumphs. This experience should be his when he returns to this city to sing at Massey Hall on April 7th. His singing may be briefly described as a revelation, with all that this much misused word implies.

The entries for the Earl Grey Musical Trophy which will be heard at the Royal Alexandra theatre next week are as follows: Ottawa Conservatory Symphony Orchestra; London Conservatory Symphony Orchestra; Peterborough Operatic Company in the "Geisha"; Conservatory Madrigal Club of Peterborough; the Bloor Street Presbyterian Church Choir, and St. Paul's Methodist Church Choir.

Toronto is a city of excellent church choirs and at Jarvis Street Baptist Church the tradition established by Dr. A. S. Vogt is being sustained in its full strength by Dr. Edward Broome. His choristers not only sing with rare beauty of tone in all sections but the choir is admirably balanced, a most difficult condition to obtain in the average church. The Good Friday rendering of "A Song of Hope," by the Chicago musician, Dr. Daniel Prothero with the composer himself conducting, was an event of genuine musical interest. The work itself is melodious with a fresh and sincere inspiration.

Mark Hamburg, the Russian Pianist, who is to present a Chopin program commemorating the Chopin Centenary, in Massey Hall on April the 11th, is at present in the west and on the Pacific coast. Vancouver people were so delighted with his recital that they have recalled him for April 4th.

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